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THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH MAN

Extracts from the Diary of a Politician

By HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS

With *PICTURES* by F. R. GRUGER

House of Representatives,
September 1.

THIS first day of September finds Congress just where it has been all during the hot, tedious summer. Here I am, John Randulf, a new member, left, like Atlas, with the whole world on my shoulders, the whole world being typified by this wrangling, jaded House.

Not that I am of any importance whatever in determining issues; I am merely blocking the business of the House. For days my sole occupation has been to keep the "no quorum" protest going, and to call persistently for the yeas and nays every time a vote has been taken; and now, while the clerk drones out the roll-call, I am killing time by beginning a diary which will be about as voluminous and as dull as the Congressional Record.

Our side of the hall is empty. I can count but five members of the minority in their seats, which is all according to party instructions. I wonder if we five look as tired, and I may say as dogged, as those on the other side of the hall do? This is to be a fight to a finish, but on one thing we of the opposition are determined,—there shall be no decisive vote on the tariff bill. We have stayed here all summer to prevent it, and, incidentally, we mean to block the contested election case of this man Mangster.

We need to have only a few members in their seats,—just enough to keep a sharp lookout. When the Chair sends out telegrams to absentees of the majority and whips them into attendance, then we leave one or two on guard; and so it goes.

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I have sat here day after day, holding the fort all through this awful heat. The very pavements outside are soft under foot. The very dogs in the streets limp along on the edges of the burnt-up grass, trying to keep off the scorching pavements. I cannot help sighing for green pastures. I shut my eyes and ears and dream of *one* particular green pasture down on a plantation where I know she is, and I think of old Omar, who put it just about right in one of his quatrains:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness."

True, she will have none of me. She gibes at me. She flouts me. She snaps her pretty fingers at me for being an old fellow she's known all her life. And she is right. I am an old fellow, one who ought to know better than to care for a slip of a woman who is eighteen or twenty years too young for me.

A man is in hard straits, indeed, when he is considered too old for the woman he loves, and too young to be held in much consideration by his fellow legislators. It is fatal ever to have been called a "boy orator." I was orator of my class in college and of the Legislature, and on the strength of my tongue I have been sent to Congress, where I have hoped to bud and *bourgeon* into a full-fledged statesman; but the Speaker's eye invariably looks over and round me, or glides obliquely by me whenever I have tried to get the floor, so that my silvery tongue has been heard only in committee, or when the yeas and nays are called for.

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September 3.

The last two days have been just like the thirty-one days preceding them,—always the effort to get a quorum and always the same failure, though the Chair has employed, on one or two occasions, most ingenious tactics.

Yesterday a great laugh was raised when my colleague, Tyner, poked his head inside the baize door to look about a bit. Instantly the Chair counted him present. He dodged back again, and has not shown up since. I wonder how long this thing will be kept up.

September 8.

I was approached yesterday by the celebrated Senator Gross, and had my first interview with him. It came about just outside our committee-room. I have been assigned to the Committee on Railways and Canals, and had gone to the committee-room early on a call from the Chairman. Of course I've met Gross before. We belong to the same party, and I could not help feeling a sort of pride in being genially accosted as "Randulf" by this Machiavelli in politics. Our talk was about like this:

"Ah! Randulf, I'm glad to meet you. You're one of the rising young men of our party, and I want to know you better. Come down to the café and lunch with me; I'm on my way there now."

"Thank you, Mr. Gross, but I'm due at a committee meeting just now."

"Oh, yes; you're considering the railway bill in committee. Well, Randulf, how do you stand on it?"

"Why, Mr. Gross, the bill is rank; how could I stand but against it? No such scheme should be sanctioned by an honorable

SUDDENLY THERE AROSE A CLEAR, HIGH, DISTINCT VOICE, "FOR SHAME!"

body. I hope to carry enough of the committee with me to prevent a favorable report, at least."

Mr. Gross smiled indulgently and said carelessly:

"You're new to this sort of thing, I take it, and perhaps you are right; I'm not up on this bill. And that reminds me. Do you know anything about this man down in Winona whom the President has appointed for postmaster? There seems to be some opposition to him, and he comes up for confirmation."

And the Senator looked at me with piercing inquiry.

"Mr. Gross," I began eagerly, "of all things, I want the confirmation of this man at Winona. I know all about him. I——"

The Senator interrupted me and said heartily:

"Oh! well, if this Winona man is your man, that ends it. I think I can secure his confirmation. Get excused from your committee and come with me and talk it over."

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This I promised, and I felt a glow of satisfaction that the great leader should interest himself in my man. When I reached the committee-room I found a full discussion in progress from which I could not be excused. In the course of the rather frank and heated talk on this bill I learned two things: First, that this particular railroad bill was fathered by Senator Gross, and that he meant it to go through both Houses. I also learned, upon cautious inquiry, that he alone was antagonizing the confirmation of the man at Winona. These two facts gave me food for protracted reflection.

I guardedly sounded one or two of the committee on the methods and tactics of Gross, and they laughed and said:

"Oh! you're getting on to Gross, are you?"

I said something that was more heated than polite, and there was a shrug and a remark:

"Oh! well, sometimes morals and politics go into a bill together, but they never come out together."

September 15.

The last few days have been full of sensations. The Committee on Elections reported favorably on the Mangster case, and the House announced that it was ready to take it up. We filibustered successfully for several days, and the temper of the other side was on pretty keen edge. Then at last the Chair roused up and sent out one of its round-robin telegrams to absentees of the majority, commanding them to come and put this thing through.

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The last day or two it has been manifest that there is a largely increased number of them present as a consequence, and they have nearly enough to do business. So we have been instructed by our party leader to go into hiding. We have reason to believe that the Chair is on to this scheme, and is preparing orders of arrest for the Sergeant-at-Arms to serve upon any of us who can be found.

If the Sergeant-at-Arms gets his eye on a man he will be haled before the bar of the House and no power can save him. We shall have to look sharp.

I am delighted at the prospect of a chance to breathe some other atmosphere for a time, even if it be only of heated bricks and blistering, melted asphalt. I feel already like a bird out of a cage, and this feeling is still further enhanced by a letter in her handwriting which a page has just brought to my desk. It tells me that she is forsaking her green pastures, and is coming to pass a few days at the Capital on her way to a Northern resort; and she asks if "Cousin John" will show her the sights and take her to the Capitol and point out all the big men?

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I wonder if any one can imagine what this news is to me? What rapture there is in the idea of this little sprig of a Cynthia's coming here, and coming of her own will, when she told me only at the beginning of the summer that she hoped she might never set eyes on me again; that I was old enough to be her father; that I was only a musty old Congressman, and many other equally pleasant things.

It seems as though some beneficent power must have arranged that she should come just now, when I am about to be freed from attendance on the House; and though I am ordered to go into hiding, still I can manage a few days of paradise with Cynthia. It will have, though, to be a watchful game of hide and seek and dodge, lest I be spotted and haled before the bar of the House. I cannot restrain a few chuckles at the situation. It will go hard with the Chair to lose this fight.

Before I go I will just run my eye over the House and see how many are present. The quorum required is 166. Good heavens! There are 161 here, not counting myself. This is pretty close running, but they won't catch any of us napping. I see that Tyner and Johnson are already gone. I must take myself off at once. To-morrow I shall see Cynthia!

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September 18.

At My Rooms, Fifteenth Street.

The last few days have not been so much of a paradise after all. I realize more than ever before how preposterous it is for a man of my age to expect a young girl to regard him in any other light than that of an elderly convenience.

I find Cynthia even more than my memory has pictured her. There is a dignity about her that is new to me. Her manner toward me is different. I suppose the poor child is afraid that I shall speak words of love to her. She probably remembers my outburst at the beginning of the summer, when I was oblivious of the years between us and begged for her love; but she need never fear that again. I have been careful these few days to be only "old Cousin John" to her. I have been even fatherly.

I thought to-day that her mother, Cousin Mary, seemed bewildered at my fatherly tone, and that even Cynthia herself did not know what to make of it, for she did not once try any of her little tyrannous, girlish arts on me. I am very much depressed to-night and shall turn in early. Nothing been done to-day in the House, so all goes well.

"Hi! Randolf, you're just the man we want, hat and all"

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September 19.

At My Rooms, Fifteenth Street.

The weather is cool and lovely. So is Cynthia! Cousin Mary would not go out with us to-day, and when we left the hotel she followed us anxiously with her eyes. It seems to me that both Cousin Mary and little Cynthia are much changed. They seem nervous and solicitous. I am a bit worried because of it. I hope that I have not overstepped the bounds I have set for myself. I must take pains to assure Cousin Mary that I have given up all idea of winning Cynthia, and thus set her mind at rest, though I fancied last spring that she would not be averse to having Cynthia marry me. But then, last spring I was not a sane man!

To-day Cynthia and I climbed slowly up the hill together and stood before the grated tomb of George Washington. The warm air, the silence and the surroundings visibly affected her. She was in a gentle, sweet, womanly mood, and when we turned away she called me "John," without the prefix of "Cousin." It almost bridged the years which were between us. Surely little Cynthia is maturing very fast.

When we got back to town and stepped off the boat, she said to me, looking at me gravely:

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"Cousin John, you have given me a very happy day, but you are not like yourself. Is anything the matter? Have I done anything to hurt you?"

"Why, my dear little girl, surely not. I am only dull and not so lively as I once was. I am afraid I am not very gay company for a young thing like you," I answered in my most elderly manner.

She turned away from me and did not reply. I hurried over to a newsboy and bought the evening paper to see if anything had been done in the House; but the old headlines met my eye: "No Quorum in Sight." "Minority Still Obstructing Legislation." "Scrap Between Representative Ames and the Chair." As I folded up the paper I asked:

"What shall we do to-morrow, Cynthia?"

"Why, Cousin John, I want to see the Capitol. I have not been there. We'll go to the Capitol."

"Well, Cynthia, I don't know," I said haltingly and in a dubious tone.

She spoke up quickly and coaxingly:

"Oh, John! you'll surely promise to take me to the Capitol to-morrow?"

And she looked at me pleadingly enough to melt a stone image. But for all that I would make no promise, for to the Capitol I could not and would not take her. Cousin Mary greeted us on our return with the same inquiring, solicitous look. Certainly Cousin Mary and Cynthia are even more changed than I thought at first. To-morrow I shall have a plain talk with Cousin Mary and put her apprehensions forever at rest.

When we turned away she called me "John" without the prefix of "Cousin"

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September 25.

At My Rooms, Fifteenth Street.

In the last five days I have had to drink the bitterest cup of humiliation that has ever been forced to my lips, and it is only the memory of what followed that draught which prevents me from breaking into curses at my own folly. I cannot estimate yet just how far my usefulness to my party has been impaired by my stupid, infatuated performance. It was my own fault. I should not have let myself be trapped. I should have stood firm and resolute in my decision not to set foot within the Capitol, but Cynthia,—mark the Adam in me,—did tempt me, and I did fall.

She spoke earnestly and insistently. She did not coax me in the old tyrannical way, nor wheedle me as she was wont to do. I could have withstood her if she had, but she looked me straight in the face, and there was an expression deep down in her eyes which had a startling effect upon me. She said:

"John, the only thing in all this great town that I want to see is the House of Representatives. I want to see your desk, and how you look when you are about to address the House. I want you to take me. I——"

She did not finish. I dimly comprehended while I stared at her that there was some great force which was suddenly driving Cynthia,—whither? I dared not let my thoughts take shape. A strange constraint fell upon us. I said at last, making a great effort to speak firmly:

"I will go anywhere else that you may name, Cynthia, but not to the Capitol."

"But why not, John?" she insisted.

I shook my head. I ought to have explained to her then and there the desperate political struggle that was going on, and that the only hope our party had of winning the fight was in every man Jack of us staying away; but I did not. My mind was so wholly taken up with the new tone, the new bearing of this young woman toward me, that everything else was swallowed up. She spoke again, after a moment of silence, and said in a low tone:

"Please, John, take me to the House?"

And she laid her hand timidly on the sleeve of my coat. I looked down upon the slim fingers and said quietly:

"No, Cynthia, I cannot."

She pressed her fingers slightly upon my arm and said:

"John, I am no longer a child. This is no whim, but a deeply cherished desire. I have never had to beg like this before."

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There was that in her words and in her way of uttering them which sent the hot blood to my face and made it beat in every pulse. I was overwhelmed with wonder and gazed at her with I know not what expression in my eyes. Hers never wavered. Gradually a smile which illumined her whole face and made it indescribably alluring crept around her mouth. She said softly, while her eyes turned from me:

"If I ever have it in my power to do my kinsman a favor he may be sure that I will."

A younger man, with plenty of assurance, would have turned this to immediate account. I was dumb and stupid with the thrill of what it might mean, and with the fear of mistaking it.

Well, of course I took Cynthia to the Capitol! I seemed to lose sight of the embargo laid upon me by my party leader. I thought it was quite possible to go thither with her and escape without serious consequences; for it is characteristic of new, untried members to regard skeptically the power of the House, its traditions and its unwritten laws; and Cynthia's eyes led me on and on.

We entered the vast building in the Senate wing, but the electric bells were ringing for an executive session, so we were barred from the Senate galleries, and Cynthia kept urging me to go straight to the House. As we passed through Statuary Hall I surprised her very much by disappearing behind the statue of Abraham Lincoln. I had seen approaching one of the clerks from the House, and so I studied the marble back of the image till he was out of sight. Every step of the way thereafter was fraught with misgivings. I impressed upon Cynthia that we could only stop long enough in the ladies' gallery for me to point out the Speaker and my own desk.

Fortunately the corridors and stairways were deserted. I cannot recall that we encountered any one but a few women office-seekers, and my mind was absorbed by Cynthia's promise of granting her kinsman a favor. I was almost determined to stop on the next marble landing and stake everything, but somehow I found myself outside the ladies' gallery without having spoken.

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I opened the little swing doors and Cynthia stepped within. I stood, partly screened, just behind her, looking over her head down upon the floor below. I began to whisper to her rapidly that the man pounding on the desk which stood on the dais was the Speaker, and to explain why one side of the hall was so well filled and the other deserted except for one lone man who had been left to keep up the "no quorum" protest. I was liking my task of whispering at close range into Cynthia's ear so well that I lost track of time, and we must have stood within the door something more than fifteen minutes.

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Suddenly a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder. I did not turn: I knew who it was and what it meant. I said quietly to Cynthia:

"Cynthia, I must leave you for a moment on business. Go down into the front row of seats and stay there till I come back or till I can send some one to you."

She turned suddenly and caught sight of the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the mace, thus armed with all the authority of the House. She opened her eyes in amazement, and asked audibly:

"Who is he? What does he want? Is he a drum-major, John?"

I stealthily put the crumpled paper to my lips

I could but smile, even though I was perturbed and shaken out of myself. I whispered:

"Go down to the railing, little girl, and wait and watch. I shall be down on the floor in a minute."

She smiled radiantly, but I had no further chance for word or look. Like any naughty schoolboy, I was marched away from her straight to the floor, where I was haled before the bar of the House. I determined to make a fight and die hard.

The moment the Sergeant-at-Arms entered the hall with me in tow a shout of laughter went up, and gibe after gibe was flung at me.

"Hi! Randulf, you're just the man we want, hat and all."

For I had carried my straw hat in with me in my hand. The gavel fell upon the uproar to no purpose. I knew that I was white to the very lips. I was mad all the way through, and flung myself into my seat, with all my fighting blood up.

It was not long before the resolution declaring Mr. Ventnor not lawfully entitled to a seat in the House was called up, and I knew, of course, that my presence had made up a quorum at last. I was undoubtedly the 166th man. I was on my feet in a minute, demanding the yeas and nays. There was some quibble about the one-fifth required by the Constitution not having asked for it, but at last the roll-call was ordered. I made no response to my name, which availed nothing, and one or two others on the majority side did not vote, but the Chair announced that 155 members had voted for the resolution.

"No quorum, Mr. Speaker!" I called out undauntedly.

"The Chair overrules the point; a quorum is present."

At this a shout of glee went up. I faced them in an uncontrollable rage.

"Gentlemen! All I want is fair play. I demand it as my right, and I ask the Speaker to hear me. Does he decline?"

"The Chair does. The gentleman only wishes to obstruct," said the Speaker.

And the vote went through!

I knew what was next on the cards. Instantly another resolution, declaring Mangster to be entitled to Ventnor's seat was called up, and I was going to be forced to seat this man! I was swayed by a fierce excitement and a still fiercer anger. I was determined there should be no quorum when this vote was taken; so I sprang as quick as lightning to the main entrance door, with the intention of bolting from the hall.

The big swing doors never budged; they were locked, and only shook under my vigorous onslaught. I could see the doorkeeper nowhere; he had been spirited away.

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By this time the din on the floor was deafening. I ran back from the door to the cloakroom. I knew that there were two big, long windows which led from the cloakroom into the lobby. I would escape that way, for these windows had stood open all summer. I found them both shut. I tried frantically to push them up, calling on the attendant for help. He only pointed to the bottom of the sashes. They were screwed down to the window sills. I gasped out, "Why?" The reply came:

"By order of the Speaker."

I was beaten!

I clenched my hands and set my teeth and walked leisurely back upon the floor. I was greeted with derision. Every man was looking and jeering at me, and stamping and shouting like a demon. The galleries caught it up until there was the roar of a mighty mob. I threw back my head in defiance. I had faced howling mobs before. Suddenly above it all there rose a clear, high, distinct voice, and the words "For shame!" were flung out boldly over the House. All eyes, including my own, were turned to the ladies' gallery.

There stood Cynthia, leaning over the railing, her face white and set, and her eyes blazing. She had thrown out her daring rebuke in my defense. There was a surprised lull, and then, for the first time, could be heard the Speaker's gavel and the Speaker's voice calling for order and for the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The usual parade of the mace up and down the aisle and the threat to clear the galleries produced a moderate quiet. I had stood with folded arms throughout the uproar, but never had I felt such an anguish of humiliation as I did at being the sport of the House.

When Cynthia's words fell upon my ears I was restored somewhat to my usual calm. I knew well what her impulsive public championship of me meant. I could face the rest that must follow so long as I held her gage, and for a short space I was completely oblivious to what was going on around me.

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I did not rouse myself until the Chair announced that the resolution declaring Mangster to be entitled to a seat in the House had passed by a practically unanimous vote. Again the mob shouted with glee, and directed their gibes at me for having been so obliging as to make up a quorum. Even this was not enough. The member who had led the Mangster fight said suavely, as soon as the shouting died down:

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Mangster is here and is ready to be sworn in."

And I had to submit even to this. I was a party, willy-nilly, to the swearing-in of the obnoxious contestant. I was forced to go the whole thing. I had foolishly imperiled my party's success; I had let myself be trapped; and how puny my efforts were beside the mighty power of the House! I was dismally forecasting the probable rating I should receive at the hands of the minority when a page brought me a twisted, crumpled-up bit of paper. Inside were these words, scribbled in pencil:

> "I brought all this upon you by my ignorance and folly. I did not know what I was doing. I am filled with grief and shame. If my love and the devotion of my life are still worth anything to you, they are yours, John.
>
> "CYNTHIA."

I stealthily put the crumpled paper to my lips, and raised my eyes to the gallery as I did so. She was watching eagerly. She saw my action and a smile lighted up her pale, anxious face. I had made a precious fool of myself, and I was the laughing-stock of the House, but—I had won Cynthia.

THE DREAMS OF LONG AGO

By J. S. McGROARTY

FROM Memory's crowded closet-place, like faded leaves, sometimes
I gather these old dreams of mine and kiss them o'er with rhymes.
And my foolish tears upon them will glisten like the dew
That used to gem the flowers which the old, sweet mornings knew.

I know the faded leaf hath lost the balm to soothe again
The heart that smarts from sorrow and from dagger-thrusts of pain;
And I know that every dream of these will only bring regret,—
Yet 'tis sweeter to remember than it could be to forget.

So I listen to the murmur of the brook's enchanting wave
Singing mystic songs of glory that the distance never gave;
And I watch the summer rainbow down the heaven's vista bend,—
That vanished like the treasures that were hidden at the end.

The birds that sang at morning, the noon-hum of the bee,
The trees, the flowers, the waters,—oh, they all come back to me!
Come like the tender glances that made sweet my mother's eyes,—
And leave me like she left me when she fled to Paradise.

—Wilkesbarre Record.

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XIII

TWO days later Thorpe and his young people took an early morning train for Geneva, homeward bound.

It was entirely easy to accept their uncle's declaration that urgent business summoned him to London, yet Julia and Alfred, when they chanced to exchange glances after the announcement, read in each other's eyes the formless impression that there were other things besides business. Their uncle, they realized, must be concerned in large and probably venturesome enterprises; but it did not fit with their conception of his character that commercial anxieties could upset him. And upset he undeniably was.

They traced his disturbance, in a general way, to the morning following the excursion up to Glion and Caux. He told them then that he had slept very badly, and that they must "count him out" of their plans for the day. He continued to be counted out of what remained of their stay at Territet. He professed not to be ill, but was restless and preoccupied. He ate little, but smoked continuously, and drank spirits a good deal, which they had not seen him do before. Nothing would induce him to go out either day.

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Strange enough, this disturbance of their uncle's equanimity synchronized with an apparent change in the attitude of their new friends on the floor below. This change was, indeed, more apparent than definable. The ladies were, to the nicest scrutiny, as kindly and affable as ever, but the sense of comradeship had somehow vanished. Insensibly, the two parties had ceased to have impulses and tastes in common. There were no more trips together, no more fortuitous luncheons or formal dinners as a group.

The young people looked up at the front of the big hotel on this morning of departure, after they had clambered over the drifts into the snow-bedecked train and opened the window of their compartment. They made sure that they could identify the windows of Miss Madden's suite, and that the curtains were drawn aside, but there was no other token of occupancy discernible.

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They had said good-by to the two ladies the previous evening, of course,—it lingered in their minds as a rather perfunctory ceremony,—but this had not prevented their hoping for another farewell glimpse of their friends. No one came to wave a hand from the balcony, however, and the youngsters looked somewhat dubiously at each other as the train moved. Then intuitively they glanced toward their uncle; he had his hat pulled over his eyes, and was staring with a kind of moody scowl at the lake opposite.

"Fortunately, it is a clear day," said Julia. "We shall see Mont Blanc."

Her voice seemed to have a hollow and unnatural sound in her own ears. Neither her uncle nor her brother answered her.

At breakfast, meanwhile, in the apartment toward which the young people had turned their farewell gaze in vain, Miss Madden sipped her coffee thoughtfully, while she read a letter spread upon the table beside her.

"It's as they said," she observed. "You are not allowed to drive in the mountains with your own horses and carriage. That seems rather quaint for a model Republic, doesn't it?"

"I dare say they're quite right," Lady Cressage replied, listlessly. "It's in the interest of safety. People who do not know the mountains would simply go and get killed in avalanches and hurricanes, and all that. I suppose that is what the Government wishes to prevent."

"And you're on the side of the Government," said the other, with a twinkle in her brown eyes. "Truly, now, you hated the whole idea of driving over the Simplon."

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Lady Cressage lifted her brows in whimsical assent as she nodded. "But do you like this Russian plan any better?" demanded Celia. "I wish, for once, you would be absolutely candid and open with me, and let me know to the uttermost just what you think."

"'For once'?" queried the other. Her tone was placid enough, but she allowed the significance of the quotation to be marked.

"Oh, I never wholly know what you're thinking," Miss Madden declared. She put on a smile to alleviate the force of her remarks. "It is not you alone, Edith. Don't think that! But it is ingrained in your countrywomen. You can't help it. It's in your blood to keep things back. I've met numbers of English ladies, who, I'm ready to believe, would be incapable of telling an untruth. But I've never met one of whom I could be sure that she would tell me the whole truth. Don't you see this case in point," she pursued, with a little laugh; "I could not drag it out of you that you disliked the Simplon idea so long as there was a chance of our going. Immediately we find that we can't go you admit that you hated it."

And upset he undeniably was

"But you wanted to go," objected Lady Cressage quietly. "That was the important thing. What I wanted or did not want had nothing to do with the matter."

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Celia's face clouded momentarily. "Those are not the kind of things I like to hear you say," she exclaimed, with a certain vigor. "They put everything in quite a false light. I am every whit as anxious that you should be pleased as that I should. You know that well enough. I've said it a thousand times, and have I ever done anything to disprove it? But I never can find out what you do want,—what really will please you! You never will propose anything; you never will be entirely frank about the things I propose. It's only by watching you out of the corner of my eye that I can ever guess whether anything is to your liking."

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The discussion seemed to be following lines familiar to them both. "That is only another way of saying what you discovered long ago," said Lady Cressage passively, "that I am deficient in the enthusiasms. But, originally, you were of the opinion that you had enthusiasms enough for two, and that my lack of them would redress the balance, so to speak. I thought it was a very logical opinion then,—and, from my own point of view, I think so now. But if it does not work in practice, at least the responsibility of defending it is not mine."

"Delightful!" cried Celia, smiling gayly as she put down her cup again. "You are the only woman I've ever known who was worth arguing with. The mere operation makes me feel as if I were going through Oxford, or passing the final Jesuit examinations. Heaven knows, I would get up arguments with you every day, for the pure enjoyment of the thing, if I weren't eternally afraid of saying something that would hurt your feelings."

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"And then you wouldn't tell me, but would nurse the wound in silence in the dark, and I should know that something was wrong, and have to watch you for weeks to make out what it was; and it would all be too unhappy. But it comes back, you see, to what I said before,—you don't tell me things!"

Edith smiled in turn, affectionately enough, but with a wistful reserve. "It is a constitutional defect,—even national, according to you. How shall I hope to change, at this late day? But what is it you want me to tell you? I forget."

"The Russian thing. To go to Vienna, where we get our passports, and then to Cracow, and through to Kief,—which they say is awfully well worth while,—and next Moscow, and so on to St. Petersberg, in time to see the ice break up. It is only in winter that you see the characteristic Russian,—that one has always heard, with the furs and the sledges, and the three horses galloping over the snow. It seems to me it must be the best thing in Europe, if you can call

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

Russia Europe. That's the way it presents itself to me,—but then, I was brought up in a half-Arctic climate, and I love that sort of thing,—in it's proper season. It is different with you. In England you don't know real winter. And so I have to make quite sure you would like the Russian experiment."

The other laughed gently. "But if I don't know what a real winter is, how can I tell whether I will like it or not? All I do know is, I am perfectly willing to go and find out."

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Miss Madden sighed briefly. "All right," she said, but with a notable absence of conviction in her tone.

A space of silence ensued as she opened and glanced through another note, the envelope of which had borne no postmark. She pouted her lips over the contents of this missive, and raised her eyebrows in token of surprise, but as she laid it down she looked with a frank smile at her companion.

"It's from our young friend," she explained, genially, "the painter-boy, Mr. D'Aubigny. It is to remind me of a promise he says I made, that when I came to London he should paint my portrait. I don't think I promised anything of the kind, but I suppose that is a detail. It's all my unfortunate hair. They must have gone by this time; they were to go very early, weren't they?"

Lady Cressage glanced at the clock. "It was 8:40, I think,—fully half an hour ago," she answered, with a painstaking effect of indifference.

"Curious conglomeration," mused the other. "The boy and girl are so civilized, and their uncle is so rudimentary. I'm afraid they are spoiling him, just as the missionaries spoil the noble savage. They ought to go away and leave him alone. As a barbarian he was rather effective; but they will whitewash him and gild him, and make a tame monstrosity of him. But I suppose it's inevitable. Having made his fortune, it is the rule that he must set up as a gentleman.

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"We do it more simply in America. One generation makes the fortune, and leaves it to the next generation to put on the frills. My father, for example, never altered in the slightest degree the habits he formed when he was a poor workman. To the day of his death,—blessed old man,—he remained what he had always been,—simple, pious, modest, hard-working, kindly, thrifty, a model peasant. Nothing ever tempted him a hair's breadth out of the path he had been bred to walk in. But such nobility of mind and temper with it all! He never dreamed of suggesting that I should walk in the same path. From my earliest childhood I cannot remember his ever putting a limitation upon me that wasn't entirely sensible and generous. I must have been an extremely trying daughter, but he never said so; he never looked or acted as if he thought so. But I never stop when I begin talking of my father."

"It's always very sweet to me to hear you talk of him," Lady Cressage put in. "One *nouveaux riches* one sees flaunting about nowadays. And he can talk very well, indeed, in a direct, practical sort of way. I don't quite follow you about his niece and nephew spoiling him. Of course, one can see that they have had a great effect upon him. He sees it himself, and he's very proud of it. He told me so, quite frankly. But why shouldn't it be a nice effect?"

"Oh, I don't know," Celia replied idly. "It seemed to me that he was the kind of piratical buccaneer who oughtn't to be shaved and polished, and taught drawing-room tricks; I feel that merely in the interest of the fitness of things. Have you looked into his eyes,—I mean when they've got that lack-lustre expression? You can see a hundred thousand dead men in them."

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"I know the look you mean," said Lady Cressage, in a low voice.

"Not that I assume he is going to kill anybody," pursued Miss Madden, with ostensible indifference, but fixing a glance of aroused attention upon her companion's face, "or that he has any criminal intentions whatever. He behaves very civilly, indeed, and apparently his niece and nephew idolize him. He seems to be the soul of kindness to them. It may be that I'm altogether wrong about him, only I know I had the instinct of alarm when I caught that sort of dull glaze in his eye. I met an African explorer, a year ago or so, about whose expeditions dark stories were told, and he had precisely that kind of eye. Perhaps it was this that put it into my head, but I have a feeling that this Thorpe is an exceptional sort of man, who would have the capacity in him for terrible things if the necessity arose for them."

"I see what you mean," the other repeated. She toyed with the breadcrumbs about her plate, and reflectively watched their manipulation into squares and triangles as she went on. "But may that not be merely the visible sign of an exceptionally strong and masterful character? And isn't it, after all, the result of circumstances whether such a character makes,—as you put it,—a hundred thousand dead men, or enriches a hundred thousand lives instead? We agree, let us say, that this Mr. Thorpe impresses us both as a powerful personality. The question arises, how will he use his power? On that point we look for evidence.

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"You see a dull glaze in his eye, and you draw hostile conclusions from it. I reply, that it may mean no more than that he is sleepy. But, on the other hand, I bring proofs that are actively in his favor. He is, as you say, idolized by the only two members of his family that we have seen; persons, moreover, who have been brought up in ways different to his own, and who would not start, therefore, with prejudices in his favor.

"Beyond that, I know of two cases in which he has behaved,—or, rather, undertaken to behave,—with really lavish generosity, and in neither case was there any claim upon him of a substantial nature. He seems to me, in fact, quite too much disposed to share his fortune with Tom, Dick and Harry,—anybody who excites his sympathy or gets into his affections." Having said this much, Lady Cressage swept the crumbs aside and looked up. "So, now," she added with a flushed smile, "since you love arguments so much, how do you answer that?"

Celia smiled back. "Oh, I don't answer it at all," she said, and her voice carried a kind of quizzical implication. "Your proofs overwhelm me. I know nothing of him, and you know so much!"

Lady Cressage regarded her companion with a novel earnestness and directness of gaze. "I had a long, long talk with him the afternoon we came down from Glion."

Miss Madden rose, and took an easy chair beside her friend, who turned to face her. "My dear Edith," she said with gravity, "I think you want to tell me about that talk, and so I beg you to do so. But if I'm mistaken,—why, then I beg you to do nothing of the kind."

The other threw out her hands with a gesture of wearied impatience, and then clasped them upon her knee. "I seem not to know what I want! What is the good of talking about it? What is the good of anything?"

"Now, now!" Celia's assumption of a monitor's tone had reference, apparently, to something understood between the two, for Lady Cressage deferred to it, and even summoned the ghost of a smile.

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"There is really nothing to tell," she faltered, hesitatingly,—"that is, nothing happened. I don't know how to say it,—the talk left my mind in a whirl. I couldn't tell you why. It was no particular thing that was said; it seemed to be more the things that I thought of while something else was being talked about, but the whole experience made a most tremendous impression upon me. I've tried to straighten it out in my mind, but I can make nothing of it. That is what disturbs me, Celia. No man has ever confused me in this silly fashion before. Nothing could be more idiotic. I'm supposed to hold my own in conversation with people of—well, with people of a certain intellectual rank, but this man, who is of hardly any intellectual rank at all, and who rambled on without any special aim that one could see,—he reduced my brain to a sort of porridge. I said the most extraordinary things to him,—babbling rubbish which a schoolgirl should be ashamed of. How is that to be accounted for? I try to reason it out, but I can't. Can you?"

"Nerves," said Miss Madden, judicially.

"Oh, that is meaningless, absolutely meaningless," the other declared. "Any one can say 'nerves.' Of course, all human thought and action is 'nerves.'"

"But yours is a special case of 'nerves,'" Celia pursued, with gentle imperturbability. "I think I can make my meaning clear to you, though the parallel isn't precisely an elegant one. The finest thoroughbred dog in the world, if it is beaten viciously and cowed in its youth, will always have a latent taint of nervousness, apprehension, timidity,—call it what you like. Well, it seems to me there's something like that in your case, Edith. They hurt you too cruelly, poor girl. I won't say it broke your nerve, but it made a flaw in it. Just as a soldier's old wound aches when there's a storm in the air, so your old hurt distracts and upsets you under certain psychological conditions. It's a rather clumsy explanation, but I think it does explain."

"Perhaps,—I don't know," Edith replied, in a tone of melancholy reverie. "It makes a poor creature out of me, whatever it is."

"I rather lose patience, Edith," her companion admonished her gravely. "Nobody has the right to be so deficient in courage as you allow yourself to be."

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"But I'm not a coward," the other protested. "I could be as brave as anybody,—as brave as you are,—if a chance were given me. But of what use is bravery against a wall twenty feet high? I can't get over it. I only wound and cripple myself by trying to tear it down or break through it. Oh, yes, I know what you say! You say there is no wall,—that it is all an illusion of mine. But, unfortunately, I'm unable to take that view. I've battered myself against it too long,—too sorely, Celia!"

Celia shrugged her shoulders in comment. "Oh, we women all have our walls,—our limitations,—if it comes to that," she said, with a kind of compassionate impatience in her tone. "We are all ridiculous together, from the point of view of human liberty. The free woman is a fraud,—a myth. She is as empty an abstraction as the 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' that the French put on their public buildings. I used to have the most wonderful visions of what independence would mean. I thought that when I was absolutely my own master, with my money and my courage and my free mind, I would do things to astonish all mankind. But really the most I achieve is the occasional mild surprise of a German waiter. Even that palls on one after a time. And if you were independent, Edith,—with any amount of money,—what difference do you think it would make to you? What could you do that you don't do, or couldn't do, now?"

"Ah, 'now,'" said the other, looking up with a thin smile, "'now' is an interval, an oasis."

Miss Madden's large, handsome, clear-hued face, habitually serene in its expression, lost something in composure as she regarded her companion. "I don't know why you should say that," she observed, gently enough, but with an effect of reproof in her tone. "I have never put limits to the connection in my own mind, and it hadn't occurred to me that you were doing so in yours."

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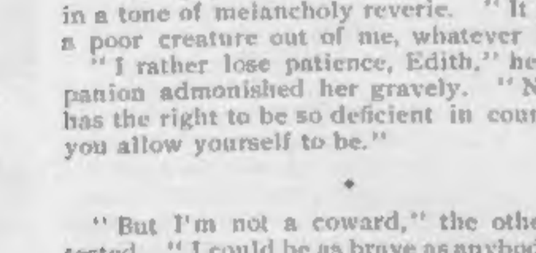
"But I'm not," interposed Lady Cressage.

"Then I understand you less than ever. Why do you talk about an 'interval'? What was the other word?—'oasis,'—as if this were a brief halt for refreshments and a breathing-spell, and that presently you must wander forth into the desert again. That suggestion is none of mine. We agreed that we would live together,—'pool our issues,' as they say in America. I wanted a companion; so did you. I have never for an instant regretted the arrangement. Some of my own shortcomings in the matter I have regretted. You were the most beautiful young woman I had ever seen, and you were talented, and you seemed to like me, and I promised myself that I would add cheerfulness and a gay spirit to your other gifts; and in that I have failed woefully. You're not happy. I see that only too clearly."

"I know,—I'm a weariness and a bore to you," broke in the other, despondingly.

"That is precisely what you are not," Celia went on. "We mustn't use words of



"It seems to me it must be the best thing in Europe"

"HAVE YOU LOOKED INTO HIS EYES?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

knows so few people who feel that way about their fathers!"

Celia nodded gravely, as if in benevolent comment upon something that had been left unsaid. The sight of the young artist's note recalled her earlier subject. "Of course, there is a certain difference," she went on carelessly; "this Mr. Thorpe is not at all a peasant, as the phrase goes. He strikes one, sometimes, as having been educated."

"Oh, he was at a public school, Lord Plowden tells me," said the other with interest. "And his people were booksellers,—somewhere in London,—so that he got a good smattering of literature, and all that. He certainly has more right to set up as a gentleman than nine out of ten of the

that sort. They don't describe anything in our life at all. But I should be better pleased with myself if I could really put my finger on what it is that is worrying you. Even if we decided to break up our establishment, I have told you that you should not go back to what you regard as poverty. Upon that score I had hoped your mind was easy. As I say, I think you attach more importance to money than those who have tested its powers would agree to,—but that's neither here nor there. You did not get on well on £600 a year, and that is enough. You shall never have less than twice that amount, whether we keep together or not; and if it ought to be three times the amount, that doesn't matter.

"You don't seem to realize, Edith," she spoke with increased animation, "that you are my caprice. You are the possession that I am proudest of and fondest of. There is nothing else that appeals to me a hundredth part as much as you do. Since I became independent, the one real satisfaction I have had is in being able to do things for you, to have you with me, and make you share in the best that the world can offer. And if with it all you remain unhappy,—why, then, you see, I don't know what to do."

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"Oh, I know I behave very badly!" Lady Cressage had risen, and with visible agitation began now to pace the room. "I deserve to be thrown into the lake; I know it well enough! But, Celia, truly, I'm as incapable of understanding it as you are. It must be that I am possessed by devils, like the people in the New Testament. Perhaps some one will come along who can cast them out. I don't seem able to do it myself. I can't rule myself at all. It needs a strength I haven't got!"

"Ah!" said Celia, thoughtfully. The excited sentences which Edith threw over her shoulder as she walked appeared, upon examination, to contain a suggestion.

"My dear child," she asked abruptly, after a moment's silence, "do you want to marry?"

Lady Cressage paused at the mantel and exchanged a long, steadfast glance with her friend. Then she came slowly forward. "Ah, that is what I don't know," she answered. Apparently the reply was candid.

Miss Madden pursed her lips, and frowned a little in thought. Then, at some passing reflection, she smiled in a puzzled fashion. At last she also rose, and went to the mantel.

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"Now, I am going to talk plainly," she said with decision. "Since the subject is mentioned, less harm will be done by speaking out than by keeping still. There is a debate in your mind on the matter, isn't there?"

The other lady, tall, slender, gently ruminative once more, stood at the window, and with bowed head looked down at the lake. "Yes, I suppose it might be called that," she replied in a low voice.

"And you hesitate to tell me about it? You would rather not?" Celia, after an instant's pause, went on, without waiting for an answer. "I beg that you won't assume my hostility to the idea, Edith. In fact, I'm not sure I don't think it would be the best thing for you to do. Marriage, a home, children,—these are great things to a woman. We can say that she pays the price of bondage for them, but to know what that signifies we must ask what her freedom has been worth to her."

"Yes," interposed the other from the window. "What have I done with my freedom that has been worth while?"

"Not much," murmured Celia, under her breath. She moved forward, and stood beside Edith, with an arm round her waist. They looked together at the lake.

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"It is Lord Plowden, is it not?" asked the American, as the silence grew constrained.

Lady Cressage looked up alertly, and then hesitated over her reply. "No," she said at last. Upon reflection, and with a dim smile flickering in her sidelong glance at Celia, she added, "He wants to marry you, you know."

"Leave that out of consideration," said Celia, composedly. "He has never said so. I think it was more his mother's idea than his,—if it existed at all. Of course, I'm not marrying him, nor anybody else. But I saw at Hadlow that you and he were,—what shall I say?—old friends."

"He must marry money," the other replied. In an unexpected burst of candor she went on: "He would have asked me to marry him if I had had money. There is no harm in telling you that. It was quite understood,—oh, two years ago. And I think I wished I had the money—then."

"And you don't wish it now?"

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A slight shake of Edith's small, shapely head served for answer. After a little she spoke in a musing tone: "He is going to have money of his own very soon, but I don't think it would attract me now. I like him personally, of course, but—there is no career, no ambition, no future."

"A Viscount has future enough behind him," observed Celia.

"It doesn't attract me," the other repeated vaguely. "He is handsome, and clever, and kind, and all that, but he would never appeal to any of the great emotions, nor be capable of them himself. He is too smooth, too well-balanced, too much the gentleman. That expresses it badly,—but do you see what I mean?"

Celia turned, and studied the beautiful profile beside her for a moment in a steady, comprehending look. "Yes, I think I see what you mean," she said slowly, with significance in her tone.

Lady Cressage flushed, and released herself from her companion's arm. "But I don't know myself what I mean!" she exclaimed, despairingly, as she moved away. "I don't know! I don't know!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

BY ANNA FARQUHAR

With *Pictures* By HENRY HUTT

TWENTIETH CHAPTER

LOUISE FREMONT sat in her room of an afternoon reading laboriously with the aid of a reading-glass. Presently she dropped both book and glass into her lap with a sigh. "What is the use of trying to read this way?" she thought. "It is unsatisfactory, and my mind will wander. I seem to have lost all control over my thoughts."

Rising suddenly, she began to pace the room, nervously reviewing her situation, and willing a change of thought, away from the one perplexing theme which unceasingly engrossed her mind.

"I will think no more of Everett Layton," she declared aloud. "What is he to me now? Oh, father, father! I wish you could come back!"

After walking restlessly up and down for a while, she became more composed as she tried to decide upon plans for the approaching summer. She had no place to go because there was no one to go with. Mrs. Strangemore could not get off until late in the season. What Louise wished to do was to spend some months at Weecapaug, in the out-door life with Melissa and Ol, but her pride told her that by doing so she would place herself in Doctor Layton's way.

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"I'll have to engage a companion to lead me about," she muttered. "Think of it—you—Louise Fremont—you who have wandered around all the great cities of the world all alone, or protecting some one else! Eventually, I'll get a dog to lead me about, like the blind beggar who stands at the corner. Thank Heaven, I shall not have to beg! I have money enough."

She swallowed the tears that were rising in her tightened throat as she heard a rap on the door of her room. On answering it, she found the maid standing there wearing a look between curiosity and laughter.

"There's a man down stairs to see you, Miss Fremont," she said. Louise's heart leaped.

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"What kind of a man?" she demanded. "Did he send up a card?"

"He's a queer-looking man,—seems like a sailor,—his face is as black as a mulatto. He wouldn't give a name, but said to tell you he was here and you'd know."

"It's Ol Peckham!" exclaimed Louise. "It must be he! Say I will be down in one moment."

"Dear old Ol! What can he be doing away out here?" she thought, as she descended the stairs a few moments later. Ol sat on the edge of a carved teak-wood chair. He twirled his hat in his hand, looking as he felt, misplaced in that drawing-room. There was the nervous, bewildered look in his eyes that always accompanied his metropolitan expeditions.

"Ol!" exclaimed Louise as she entered, holding out her hand to him. "Is it really you? I can hardly believe it yet! Where did you come from?"

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His face relaxed when he saw her enter, and he replied: "It be good to see you, gurl. You be the furst decent person I've saw in this land o' cut-throats an' heathen. Why, gurl, I don't know's I'd 'a' come even to see you if I'd a known the kind o' place it were. Why, New York's innercent's a baby compared to it. 'Tain't surprisin' you come out here convertin', but I be afraid you ain't done much good."

"Sit down, Ol, and tell me all about it. Wouldn't you like to come back into the library with me? We can be alone there, with no danger of interruption by any one. We can talk better there."

"Jus' 's you say. I've seen enough folks in the one mornin' that I've been in these parts to las' me till I die. We don't want no folks around nohow when we're talkin' 'bout the subject I've come on purpose to talk about."

She led the way into a retired library and closed the door after them.

"When did you come, Ol?" she asked when they were both seated.

"We come late'n the afternoon yistaday,—Timothy Whitby'n me. Come jus' before night, an' Tim he piloted me round consid'able after we took supper at a place close by the station-house where we arrived, an' nasty 'nough victuals they was, too. After supper nothin' would do but Tim he mus' go to the the-ay-tre, same's all country Jakes come to town, an' I mus' go 'long. I didn't come way out here to go to no the-ay-tres,—there be plenty o' them on the other side o' the mountains. But Tim he mus' al'ays have his own way or bust, an' that's why I'm so late seein' you, gurl. I didn't cal'late 'twould be so long after I arrived.

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"This mornin' Tim would have it we mus' go round an' see the country. Land sakes! I seen 'nough before I got through! My feet's all swelled up from walkin' on them pavements, an' I'm 'bout deaf o' noise. This afternoon Tim he 'lowed we'd go see some places where they stick an' pack pigs, but my foot come down on that hard. Says I, 'Now, Tim, who's runnin' me,—you'r me? Ol Peckham knows his own mind's long's he's got one. I didn't come all the way out here to see no pigs; I come on bizness o' my own, better'n pigs. You can see pigs to hum, an' I purpose to call on a lady this afternoon.'

"'A lady!' says Tim. 'Oh, if there be women folks in it, I'm out certain sure. Where be she?'

"'Land only knows where she be in this wilderness,' says I; 'but mebbe a hackman'll know' (Doc says they al'ays does), an' I jus' called one goin' by an' got inside his hack an' rid till he stopped at the number I give him,—an' here I be."

Ol added the last with a sigh of relief, wiping his brow with a red silk handkerchief. Louise began to feel cheerful,—she almost laughed about the pigs.

"I am so glad to see you, Ol! I must sit closer so that I can see you better," she said, drawing her chair over to his side.

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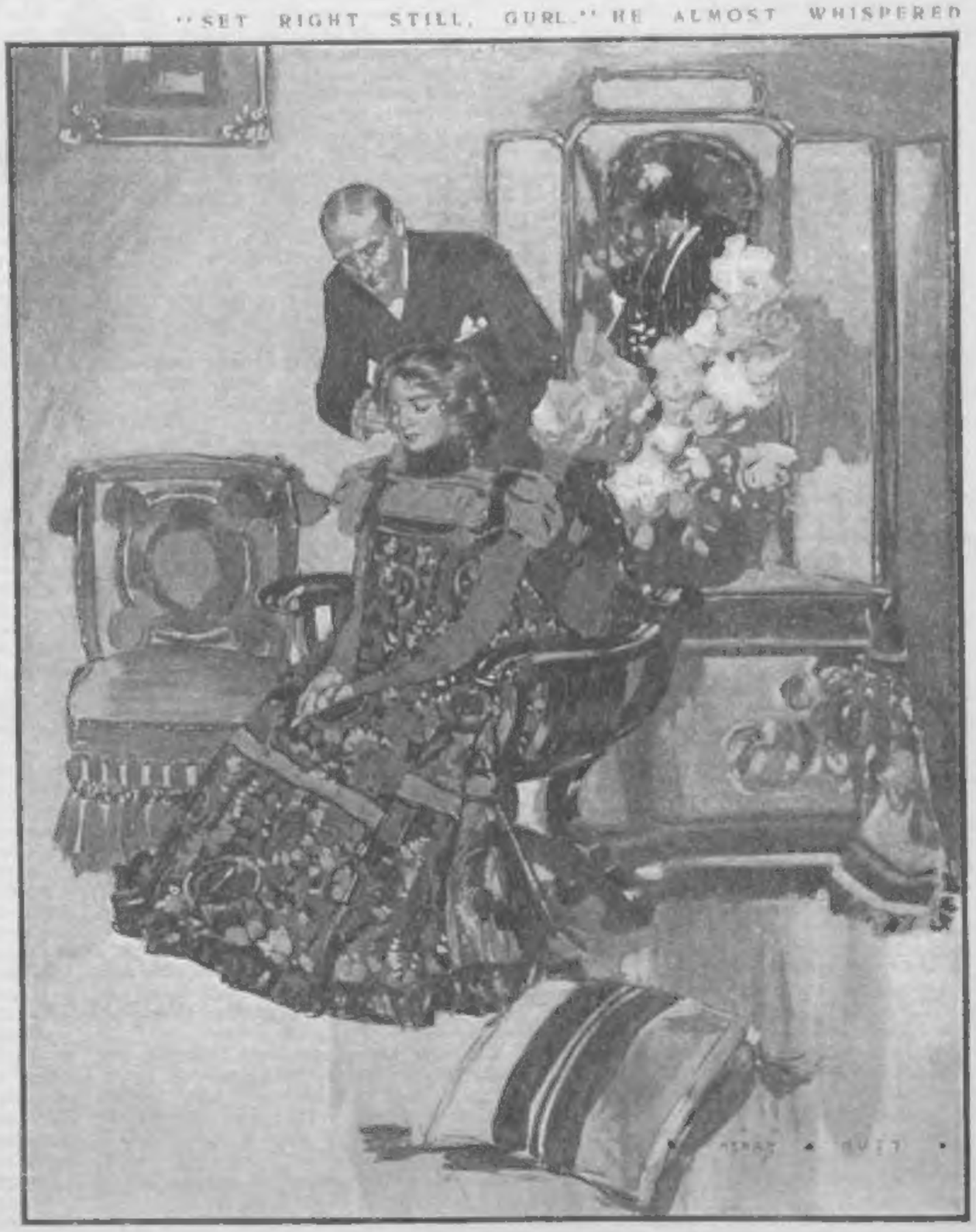
"Be you honest glad, gurl? You can't be gladder'n I be to see you. How's the seein'? Better?"

"No, Ol; it is no better. I could hardly see you when I sat over there."

"Poor gurl!" said Ol, with infinite pity in his eyes and tone. "It don't seem reg'lar

"SET RIGHT STILL, GURL," HE ALMOST WHISPERED



fur it to come to you. Now, if it'd been me 'twouldn't make much difference. I can't read an' write all them things you does, an' I don't cruise round same's you, but it do seem a sin an' shame it's come to you. I feel fur you,—I do feel fur you, gurl."

"Thank you, Ol," said Louise softly. "I know you do feel for me as much as any one could. The very sight of you makes me better able to bear it. You always do cheer people up. I am so glad you did not pass me by on your way to the lakes. Where is it you are going?"

"That ain't settled as yet. I'm not so eager 'bout fresh-water fishin' as some be. Tim he were comin' an' wanted company, so I come 'long this fur 'long o' him. About goin' farther you've got the say, gurl. Course you know Ol Peckham ain't no liar, but he knows as his bizness be his bizness, an' when folks same's Melissy takes to askin' questions as she ain't got no right to ask, I jus' says, 'Oh, I'm goin' fishin',' 'cause fishin's al'ays my bizness, no matter what be besides. I come out here a-purpose to see you, gurl."

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"All this distance! You are good to me, Ol," said Louise.

"Not in pa'tic'lar's I know of. I wus good to myself same's you'd be if yure own brother were in a peck o' trouble, an' you 'lowed you could help him, an' be real glad o' a chance. I ain't got no brother's I feel fur's fur Doc, an' it jus' makes me sick to see him takin' on so 'bout you."

"About me?" said Louise coldly, although her breath came faster. "Why should he take on about me?"

"Why? Because he jus' loves you better'n anybody, gurl, an' he's gettin' a crack in his brain 'cause you ain't treatin' him square,—anyway, he cal'lates you ain't."

"What does he say I have done to him?" asked Louise, looking at a book she was handling on a table near by.

"Do you 'low you be treatin' him right, gurl?" was the only reply Ol made.

"Certainly I have treated him as well as I could. What does he object to in my treatment?"

"He ain't 'round talkin' to folks 'bout you, gurl; 'tain't his way to do that. I be the only one he ever spoke to 'bout things. While his woman were livin' an' treatin' him shameful he never spoke a word against her, even to me; but him an' me's like brothers, only more so, an' he's got a way o' thinkin' I know more'n mos' folks; course 'tain't so, but he thinks that way,—an' ever since we wus knee high to a duck he's come to me fur consultations, as he names our talkin's. Las' Tuesday he came down to the beach an' looked kinder desperite, same's you wouldn't want to see him if you've got any feelin's in yure heart fur him. I be al'ays afeard o' them cocktails an' things when he speaks that way. Cocktails was in his father's family,—not the same's in mine, so's they didn't 'a' no sense lef', but jus' sociable like,—the kind 'at's liable to git worse in the sight o' troubles."

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Oliver looked steadily at Louise, watching the effect of his words, but she sat listening quietly with her most unspeaking expression on her face.

He went on. "Doc tole me jus' this, only my words ain't the same's his wus. He says, 'The livin' truth is, Ol, I can't live right without gurl. There ain't no livin' without her once a man sets his mind on her'"—the color slowly crept across Louise's face. "'Here I be waitin' fur a year an' countin' on marryin' her las' Christmus, 'cause I 'lowed her word were true's Gospel, an' I got all packed up an' ready to travel out after her, an' wanted to go so bad I couldn't wait nohow to write, an' 'twere bad fur her eyes to write, so I jus' telegraphed her, sayin' I were ready to come, an' what'd she do but go an' answer as she couldn't come, couldn't see's how she could do it, but she'd write about it——'"

"I never said I would write. I told him to write to me," burst in Louise, excitement beginning to dilate the pupils of her eyes until they were nearly black beneath the rim.

"Tole him to write to you?" repeated Ol slowly. "He mus' 'a' misunderstanded that, fur Doc he don't tell no lies, an' he said he'd been lookin' fur yure letter fur six months, an' he were losin' all kind o' faith in yure word, specially's he kep' his promise 'bout the cocktails, an' you didn't keep yures 'bout the marryin' part. Yes, he mus' 'a' cal'lated wrong on that, jus' 's I tole him folks was liable to do. Why couldn't you see yure way to doin' it when the word came, gurl?"

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"Why, Oliver, I should think you would know when you see how blind I have become! I cannot even go out on the streets alone. The disease was far along when I first went to him, and has progressed rapidly. I could not go to him any way. He ought to have come to me——"

"I tell you, gurl, he were all ready to start, but you didn't say the word," interrupted Ol.

"I thought he would understand. I said at the end of my telegram, 'Write,' but that meant for him to write to me, as he did not say anything in his message about coming out. If you were a woman going blind, Ol, would you be willing to go to a man, putting him in a place where he could not refuse to receive you, no matter how useless you were to him?"

"Oh, gurl!" again interrupted Ol. "That ain't no kind o' talk. You don't know Doc over well if you cal'late he'd go back on his word."

"That is just it,—he would not go back on his word, but would sacrifice himself to me, even if he did not love me now!" exclaimed Louise.

"Well, I never did in the course of my hul life hear such foolishness between two growed up folks. If Doc wus still wearin' short pants, an' you wus wearin' yure hair in a pig-tail down yure back, a feller'd 'low to hear such talk from you, but fur folks o' yure time o' life you beat the hul caboodle a-talkin' foolishness. He be a settin' there in New York callin' folks names cause you didn't write the letter, an' it all comes o' going too fast when there be plenty o' time an' to spare. Telegraphin' courtin' ain't my way, 's I tole Doc, but it do seem's though you might 'a' answered somethin' plainer'n you did. Why in the name o' common-sense didn't you answer, 'Come right 'long an' talk it out?' The ways o' city folks be long-winded an' foggy, to my way o' thinkin'. There ain't no feller out here you've got more feelin' fur than Doc, be there, gurl?"

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"Out here? A man I care more for? No. What made you ask that?" replied Louise, who had been thinking fast while he talked, but was roused to astonishment at his inquiry.

"Oh, nothin'," answered Ol carelessly. "Women folks be slippery, you know. There ain't never no tellin' when the wind's 'bout to shift, same's an east wind. Then there ain't no reason, 's I can see, fur yure not packin' up an' goin' right back 'long o' me to-morrow. You go to the boss in Shannock, an' I'll see Doc knows you be there an' waitin' fur him, an' tell him how them fool wires got twisted somehow. Don't matter much how, long's everybody's made up again."

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"Oliver," said Louise, looking straight into his eyes. "Did Doctor Layton send you out here?"

"Land sakes, no! He don't know nothin' 'bout my comin'. Nobody don't know but Melissy, an' only her 'cause she see me passin' the house dressed up an' asked where be I goin'. We'll never tell nobody I come, gurl; but you go back 'long o' me to-morrow, an' folks'll 'low's I've been 'long o' Doc in New York. 'Tain't none o' their bizness, nohow."

"Do I understand you to say, Ol, that Doctor Layton was all ready to come out here last Christmas, but thought my telegram meant that I refused him, but would write a letter explaining?"

"That's 'bout the size o' it, gurl. Wa'n't it too bad? All this time wasted, an' that house he bought fur you in New York losin' rent right 'long."

"What house? Did he really buy a house for me?" Leaning forward, she put this question eagerly, trying not to smile.

"Course he did,—'long side o' all them swells,—an' it's standin' there waitin' fur you, lonely's a winter night, without no fire warmin' folks."

"I'll go, Oliver," said Louise quickly and decisively. "What time does the train start?"

"Gui! I don't know nothin' 'bout it, but Tim, he'll find out fur us, an' we'll be ready soon's it be."

"But, Ol, I forgot,—you came out to go fishing, and you ought to see something of Chicago while you are out here."

"Fishin'!" exclaimed Ol. "Ain't there's good fish's ever wus caught in the ocean where I fish? Folks don't 'a' to come out here fur fishin', an' I don't want no more o' Chicago than I've got a'ready. There be sinners enough to see to hum, 's well's fish to be ketched. You jus' git ready, gurl, an' we'll start's soon's the train's ready."

"Oliver, how can I ever thank you for all you have done for me? You saved my life, and now you save my happiness."

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"Shucks! there ain't no cause fur thanks." Ol looked bashful right away, and remembered his hands and feet, as was always the case with him when gratitude was proffered. "Don't you s'pose I be real happy myself to do anythin' fur you an' Everett Layton? He's jus' everythin' to me. If I'd 'a' took the learnin' he tried his bes' to give me when we wus both boys I'd 'a' knowed somethin' now, but seems like I wa'n't intended fur book learnin', fur the only thing I ever could learn 'bout wus fishin', an' farmin', an' rowin', an' sailin', an 'bout birds an' trees. O' course, some folks consider that ain't knowin' much, but's long's it suits me they ain't no right to complain. But there be a thing you could give me, gurl, jus' to remember you by."

Ol's eyes looked suddenly misty, and he batted his "winkers" hastily several times.

"What can I give you, Ol?" asked Louise. "Anything I have is yours for the asking."

"Now, gurl, you be jus' same's Doc,—goin' too far in your statements al'ays. It's a way o' folks. I don't want no big thing,—anyway 'tain't big in size, but it'd al'ays be big to me, an' I cal'late Doc wouldn't mind, bein's it be jus' me askin' fur it."

"But what is it, Ol," asked Louise again, surprised at his hesitancy.

"Do you rec'lect the little locket you give me, hangin' on my watch chain," he asked, looking down and handling the locket.

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"Yes, I remember. Have you some one's picture in it now, Ol," asked Louise, smiling slightly.

"No, I ain't got no picter there, an' don't want none, but if you'd cut off one o' them curls as kinks up next yure ears in damp weather, an' give it to me, it'd 'bout fill this locket fur life. I see one o' 'em curlin' up now. They al'ays wus so cute,—same's a baby's."

Louise laughed as she replied, "Why, certainly, Ol. I think I could afford to give you that much in return for life and happiness. I'll get a pair of scissors and cut it off now, for fear it might get out of kink."

"'Tain't wuth while,—I've got my knife in my pocket. I al'ays carries it. You set still an' I'll do the shavin'." He produced a large pocket-knife she had seen him use for pretty much every requirement of his vocation, then laid his hat on the table and walked over behind her chair.

"Set right still, gurl," he almost whispered. "I won't hurt you, an' it'll only take a minute. Seem's though the curl'd be more like havin' you then a picter'd be,—picters ain't real things."

Louise felt again that swift wonder and sad suspicion she had experienced once before at Weecapaug, but she sat perfectly quiet, and Ol said nothing while he severed the little curl. As he stood there, he leaned over and kissed lightly the thick knot of hair near the little curls, but she could not feel that, and never knew of the act; then he turned his back to her, rubbing the corner of his red silk handkerchief over his eyes.

"Did it come off all right?" asked Louise. "May I turn around now?"

"Yes, I got it," he replied in a low, thick voice. "Jus' wait a minute. Don't bother to move. I be puttin' it in the locket,—jus' to remember you by, you know. I ain't got no sister, an' Doc's gurl be the next bes' thing. There, it's in all right, an' nobody ain't ever goin' to see it again but me,—not even Doc. Do you s'pose he'd mind, gurl?"

Ol took his seat opposite her again, showing his ordinary calm expression, although he looked a trifle anxious as he asked her that question.

"He'd be perfectly foolish if he did, Ol. I am your sister now, and will be more so if I am ever his wife. Anyway, it would make no difference if he did; this is something entirely between you and me. If that small token can compensate you for all you have done for me, no one has a right to object."

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"Mustn't say 'twon't make no difference 'bout Doc, though, 'cause he's goin' to be yure man, an' men folks has got a right to say 'bout their women, but I cal'late Doc won't care nothin' 'bout a little bit o' hair. Now, when be we goin'? To-morrow mornin' or night, which?"

"I will send and find out about the trains. Meanwhile, you must come back into the parlor and let me call my friend, Mrs.——"

"Land sakes! Some more folks! Well, I cal'late I'm equal to one or two more, if they ain't sinners," and Ol laughed with his eyes as he followed Louise from the room, keeping one hand on the locket.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Editor's Note—This story was begun in the issue of the Post for November 12, 1898.

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FOR THE SAKE OF TOM

A Story of Daffodil Time

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

Drawings by Florence E. Noteworthy

OUTSIDE, the apple trees were black and silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils that bordered the path shone faintly golden. Inside, the two old women rocked and knitted. It had been so long since either had spoken that the last words seemed like dim memories of some far-distant past. When Martha Whipple brought her chair to a sudden stop the movement had something startling in it; she leaned forward impressively, her round, florid face settling into heavy lines of determination.

"It's borne in on me to say something to you, Mary," she began; "I've set out to do it more'n once, an' then I've backed out. It's jest what everybody's sayin'. I hope you won't lay it up against me if I tell you what's for your own good."

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There was no answer. The little figure opposite took on a certain alertness like that of an animal about to spring, yet there had been no perceptible motion; it was rather the wariness of the brown eyes that seemed oddly at variance with the wrinkled, weather-beaten face and short, gray curls. The silence baffled the visitor, but it was too late for retreat.

"It's four years now since Tom went away, an' three since he was married, an' he ain't never come home, though he knows how you're a-lookin' for him. I guess there ain't been a night since he was married that you ain't lit up the best room an' opened the front door as if you thought he an' that city wife of his might come walking up the path any minute. Sometimes I've got fairly raging over it. All this time you've been a-watchin' an' a-waitin', an' you've never set eyes on him nor his wife nor baby. Now, I tell you what it is; I'd jest make up my mind, if I was you, to let it all go. 'Tain't right for you, a perfessor, to wear yourself out so. You know what Flora Andrews was when she boarded at the Olivers' that summer Tom first met her; 'tain't likely she's changed now, an' she's jest weaned Tom from it all. If I was you, I'd jest up an' show 'em I could get on as well without 'em as they could without me. I'd——"

She stopped short, staring at her friend. The little old woman had risen to her feet, fairly trembling with excitement.

"We've been neighbors thirty years, Martha Whipple," she said, "but if you say another word I'll never forgive you as long as I live. I guess you'd better go,—I guess 'twould be safer so; and besides, I've got considerable to do to-night. I didn't tell you before, but I'm going down to Tom's to-morrow."

Miss Martha had risen with tragic indignation, but the news was too much for her. She turned back in undisguised amazement.

"For the land's sake, why didn't you say so?" she exclaimed. "Can't I help you get ready? How long do you calculate to stay?"

"I calculated I'd be gone about a week Being in the spring of the year, I can't stay longer, for there's the garden to see to. I ain't got much to do to get ready. If you'd feed the cat once a day,—'twouldn't do no good to bring him over, he wouldn't stay,—but I'll leave a saucer on the back porch, an' you can put his milk there."

"I will, certain," answered Miss Martha. She had quite forgotten her resentment in the keen relish of the news; the sewing circle would meet the next day. She looked back when she reached the doorway, and nodded and smiled cordially.

"I won't say good-by," she said, "being as I'll see you to-morrow. I guess 'twill be real good weather for traveling. What time will you be along?"

"The stage passes at eight. I'll be over about half-past seven."

"All right, I'll watch for you, an' if there is anything else I can take care of, bring that, too. Good-night, Mis' Haswell."

"Good-night," she answered. Her voice had a curious, half-frightened tone in it, and her eyes were full of dismay. She hurried into the house and shut the door; then she looked around her, and the look was that of an exile about to leave home forever.

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"I dunno what made me say it," she cried. "I said it before I thought, an' now I've got to go. An' I don't know how I can, either, with things all starting to bloom so pretty! An' Tom might come, too,—supposin' we should pass each other, an' he come while I'm gone! But I've got to go. Folks shn't say such things about Tom,—as if Tom wouldn't be glad to see his mother! What if he ain't been home? He's comin',—he always says so. An' there's the baby, too. Haven't I wanted to see her more than anything in the world? It's—it's only that I can't get used to it, somehow. I thought Tom would come here, so that I wouldn't have to leave home. I allus thought Tom would come in the spring; I knew just how he'd look comin' up between the daffodils,—when he was a little fellow he used to love

'em so! I thought mebbe Tom's baby would love 'em, too."

She went to the window, and looked down the path where the daffodils were set like lights to guide the wanderer home. Then she turned resolutely away. Though so small and frail looking, she had a will that in an emergency was better than strength; she worked nearly all night packing her valise and shutting up the house. When morning came she made herself a cup of tea before going carefully over the house for the last time; then she dragged her valise out on the doorstep and locked the front door behind her, and went over to Martha Whipple's.

Martha welcomed her with effusive eagerness. "Come in an' have a bite, Mis' Haswell, do," she urged. "I meant to ask you last night, but I was so flustered I forgot it. I've got hot biscuit here, an' they're good, if I do say so."

Mrs. Haswell was standing very erect; she looked pale and tired, but her eyes seemed to defy any one to detect it.

"I'm obliged to you, Martha," she said, "but I've had my breakfast, an' I guess I'd better go back. You won't forget to feed the cat?"

"No, I won't forget. I hope you'll have a real good visit, Mis' Haswell. You must tell us all the sights when you get back."

"Yes, I will," she answered steadily.

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She went back to her own house and sat down on the doorstep beside her valise. When the stage came she walked steadily down the path between the daffodils; she looked straight ahead, but her old face was working pitifully, and the yellow blossoms seemed to dance like flickering lights before her eyes.

The day was close and sultry,—an unseasonable one for spring. The old woman sat bolt upright beside her valise, holding her ticket in her hand. As they left the fresh air of the hills the heat became worse; she grew faint, and a terrible fear began to sweep over her that she would never reach the city. With a strong effort she put it aside, and beckoned a sandwich boy who was passing through the car. She selected a ham sandwich; to her simple country taste both the bread and the butter were unpalatable, but she forced herself to eat every mouthful; then she sat up again, and through the long hours of the afternoon watched the dizzy race of trees and landscape past her window.

As they neared the city the train began to be crowded. Presently a lady stopped beside her and asked if the seat was engaged. She did not understand the phrase, but obeying a sudden instinct for companionship she moved her valise.

"You can set here if you want to," she said. "The car's real full now."

The lady thanked her and took the seat. She was evidently used to travelling; the old woman looked at her wistfully; presently she leaned over and touched her.

"Is—is Boston very big?" she asked timidly.

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The lady glanced at her companion with a quick smile that changed as she saw the worried old face.

"It is pretty big," she replied gently. "Are you going there?"

The old woman smiled up at her eagerly. "Yes," she said, "I thought I'd go. You see, my boy, Tom,—he married, and I haven't seen him for four years. I ain't even seen the baby; they kept telling me to come, an' last night I made up my mind to, an' I up an' started. I hope it won't be hard to find the place?"

It seemed as if her very character had been left behind with the familiar hills; her face was full of a hesitating appeal that blotted out its strong accustomed lines, as the mists sometimes blotted out the mighty sweeps of her own mountains.

"Won't Tom be at the depot to meet you?" asked the lady indignantly.

The old woman looked up with quick suspicion. "Of course, he would if he'd 'a' known," she answered eagerly. "Tom was allus the best boy! But I couldn't seem to make up my mind till last night, an' then I thought I'd surprise them. I picked a bunch of daffodils for him,—he used to notice daffodils when he was jest a little fellow,—but they're real withered now."

The stranger tried to cheer her. "Your flowers will freshen in water," she said, "and Tom will feel like a boy again when he sees them. Suppose you tell me the address, and then I can put you on the right cars."

"I'd take it real kind of you," answered Tom's mother gratefully.

She pulled a piece of paper from her glove and unfolded it carefully. The stranger read it, and her face cleared.

"That will be easy to find," she said. "It is right on the car line, and the conductor will put you off very near the house if you tell him the number. There, now, let me take your valise, and put you on the car."

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The old woman rose confusedly; the train had rolled into the depot, and the sudden change of light and sound bewildered her; she clutched her flowers and looked with desperate eyes across the crowd. Then, before she realized what had happened, her friend had put her on a car and said good-by. She had never seen a street car before, and she clung to the seat, her tired, frightened face set in lines of rigid endurance.

Every moment she expected an accident, and when the conductor helped her off, her first feeling was one of almost incredulous relief; then suddenly she saw the number that she wanted, and darted forward. She was panting with the weight of the valise, but she did not know it; she hurried up the high stone steps and eagerly rang the bell.

The bell echoed through the house, but no one came. She pulled it again and again, a nervous terror stealing over her,—she must make Tom hear! Presently a window opened in the next house, and a girl's pretty face smiled down at her.

"Did you want to see Mrs. Haswell?" she called. "They went away yesterday."

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The old woman looked up, her hand dropping from the bell.

"What did you say, dear?" she faltered. "I didn't understand. I want to see Tom,—I'm his mother."

The girl's pretty face softened with quick pity. She left the window, and ran down the steps and across to the old woman.

"I'm so sorry," she said gently. "Don't you understand? They've gone away; I don't know when they'll be back,—they couldn't tell. Oh, don't look so! Come in our house and rest. You must come. You can't stay here, you know."

She lifted the valise, and the old woman followed her; she did not seem to know what she was doing; she obeyed as a little child might have done.

The people were very good to her. She wanted to go back that night, and they had to tell her over and over that there was no train before they could make her understand, and even then she seemed dazed and bewildered. So they gave her a quiet room and left her alone. For hours she sat there in the dark trying to order her dizzy thoughts, and gradually one idea became clear,—that no one must ever know. It was her fault,—all hers,—but people would not understand, and they would blame Tom, and they must not blame Tom.

She might stay in the city a week, but her whole soul rejected that; she felt as if she was smothering, stifled, in this hot, noisy place! And at home the apple blossoms were shaking their perfume down through the night, and the valley brimming over with moonlight. She must go home—home! She leaned her tired head on her hand and thought. Gradually the noises in the street below died away, and a strange stillness followed; then the air grew chill, and the street lamps paled, and finally morning, a dim, sickly imitation of the mornings she had known and loved, crept back to the city.

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She rose and straightened her hair and dress; she was pale and tired, but quite her old self again. The girl was delighted at the change, and sat beside her at breakfast, coaxing her to eat, and finally went to the depot with her and put her on the train. Not until she reached home again did the hospitable young girl know that the bed had not been touched, and fully understand what the night had been to their guest.

She was home at last

All through the day the old woman sat looking out of the window. She did not realize that she was tired; all her resolution was bent to the carrying out of her plan. When, late in the afternoon, the train began climbing up in the hills once more, she pushed open the window, and breathed the keen air with a sigh of deep content. She had left the city behind forever.

The train would reach Holmesburg about seven. Four miles before that was Farrar's, a new station, and between Farrar's and Holmesburg was a road nearly all through the woods, and not much used, except in summer. She had never been over this road but once, but she was sure that she could find the way. Only one or two other people, strangers to her, left the train at Farrar's; that was as she had hoped, and she plunged resolutely into the woods. It was a long walk, and her valise was heavy for her; as it grew dark, too, she began to stumble on the road; she had to stop and rest more and more frequently, but her resolution never faltered. Several times she heard some one coming, and she hid in the bushes until all danger of discovery had passed; once she fell and hurt her wrist, so that after that she could only carry her valise in one hand; but nothing could daunt her.

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It was ten o'clock when she finally reached the house; she had crept around through back ways, and felt sure that she had not been seen; indeed, for an hour the lights had been out in many houses. She stood still for a moment in the sweet, silent night; the apple trees were all silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils gleamed faintly down the path. She unlocked the door and dragged in her valise, and fell down in a heap on the floor. She was home at last.

When she came to herself there were yellow streaks of light under the door, and the room was full of a bright gloom. Her wrist was paining badly; she crept to her feet, and started to get the arnica; then she stopped and shrank down on the stairs, for outside she could hear Miss Martha talking to the cat. She sat there guiltily till she heard the heavy footsteps down the path, then she rose cautiously, as if Miss Martha could hear her, and went to the pantry. She longed for some tea, but dared not make a fire, so she ate a little dry bread and jelly. Then she went upstairs to her bedroom and lay down.

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When she woke she was startled by the darkness at first, but as memory came back to her she slipped downstairs. For a moment she stood thinking; then softly opening the door she crept out to the woodpile. As she was returning with her arms full she almost stumbled over an animal at the door. Checking her exclamation, she leaned down; it was her cat purring softly about her feet. With a little cry of joy, she picked him up and carried him into the house with her. She made a fire and went busily to work, so that by daylight, when she put out her fire, her breakfast was ready, and fresh bread and cake in the closet. About eight o'clock she heard Miss Martha come and call the cat. After she was gone the old woman took in the milk and gave it to him, but she did not let him go out,—she wanted some one to talk to. Late that afternoon she lay down again; she was not at all sleepy, but she would not get up until after midnight, when she again did her cooking.

She was very lonely, and oppressed by a strange sense of unreality; as she sat behind her closed blinds and watched the neighbors go by, she felt almost as if she had died, and from another world were looking back upon her old life. Once the minister came to the gate, and she heard Miss Martha call across to him that Mis' Haswell was in the city visiting her son. A hot flush burned in her old cheeks, and she turned hastily away.

Monday was the last day of her imprisonment. At daylight Tuesday she slipped out of the house with her valise and began the journey back to Farrar's.

The first up-train from Boston came at ten o'clock, so that she had several hours to wait, but she had known that, and until the station was opened she sat on the platform outside with stoical patience. When the train came she rode the four miles back to Holmesburg, and then took the stage to the house. She drew a long breath as she walked again up the path between the daffodils. She went in the front door, and began pulling up the shades and uncovering all the ornaments. When Martha came over she talked much of the city, and of Tom's nice neighbors, but little of Tom and his family. After her visitor had left she dropped her face in her hands.

"Oh, Lord, I hope I ain't done anything dreadful," she cried, "but I couldn't let her say anything against Tom,—I couldn't!"

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She looked very old and tired as she went feebly about getting supper, and for once she forgot to set open the front door; she remembered it as she was going to sit down to her supper, and she hurried to open it. A young man was just coming with springing steps up the path between the daffodils,—a sturdy young fellow with a yellow-haired baby in his arms. She looked at him absently, but he ran forward and caught her.

"Mother, mother, don't you know me?" he cried, as he hugged and kissed her.

After supper she went over to the Whipples'. Tom was lying out under the apple trees as he used to do years ago, but Tom's baby was clinging to her with one dimpled hand, while the other was full of daffodils. Miss Martha met her at the gate.

"Well, now, I guess you are happy," she said. "When I see you come, thinks I, 'Well, that explains it; I couldn't understand what made Mary seem so sort o' numb this afternoon, but now I see.' And this is Tom's baby! It certainly does favor him! Do come in——"

"I've got something to tell you first," she said. "I deceived you awfully, Martha. I was mad because of what you said about Tom, so I went off in a hurry, an' when I got to the city the house was all closed up. Flora's mother was taken sick sudden, an' they had gone there, but I didn't know it then. Some folks was real good to me, an' took me in, an' I come back the next day. I've been living in the house ever since. I thought folks would talk against Tom if they knew, an' I wasn't goin' to have it!"

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She looked up ashamed, yet defiant. But Martha was blind to all fine expressions. "For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "You've been living there all the week!"

"Yes. I got off at Farrar's, and come through the woods. I want you should tell everybody. 'Twas real wicked of me, but I wasn't going to have anybody talk against Tom. He'll come over an' see you to-morrow before he goes, but the baby's going to stay with me all summer. Flora's mother's real sick, an' Flora's got to be there. I must go back now an' see Tom, but I wanted you to know what I had done. Come along, Mary."

Martha's eyes followed her with admiring interest.

"The baby's named for you, ain't she?" she said. The old woman turned back, her face all alight. "Yes," she answered. "Tom said she shouldn't have any name but his mother's; Tom allus was good to his mother." She stopped a moment, and then caught the child up in a passion of tenderness; her bright brown eyes looked with sudden softening over the yellow baby head.

"She ain't ever going to do such a wicked thing as her grandmother did," she said.

Then she went silently back between the rows of daffodils—to Tom.

"I'd jest make up my mind, if I was you, to let it all go"

WHEN I FIRST MET BERTINA

Translated from the Italian by Paul R. Freisinger

Drawings by B. Martin Justice

May 1, 18—.

SPLENDID!" said I to the janitor; "I like the room very much; to-morrow I shall send my trunk. And you assure me that there are neither small children nor a piano in the house?"

"Not one piano!" he protested with raised hands, "and no children, either,—that is to say, there—there is a child, the daughter of the landlord; but, then, she is hardly a child any more; she is as good as an angel, and most of the day she is at school. In short, you'll be as quiet here as in a church."

That was what I was looking for, and so the next morning a boy helped me to move my belongings, and, within half an hour, everything was in my new quarters,—my manuscripts, my books, my clothes, my pipe, my old Bersaglieri fez.

I lit my pipe, and, after the first ten minutes, I realized with great delight that I would feel quite at home here and could look into the future without any diffidence. Sunshine brightened up my room, and the marble washstand, the high mirror, and the dazzling white of the curtains gave it a pleasing, a homelike look. I thought I should be able to work splendidly here.

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May 5, 18—.

I've met the child, who, as the janitor had it, was "as good as an angel," and in such a funny way! The meeting was like this:

My kingdom consists of a larger room and a smaller one, the latter leading into the hall, while the larger one has a small door opening into the apartment of my landlord. Before going out for my breakfast I had unlocked that door, so that the servant might come in and put my room in order.

Returning about noon, and passing through the hall room as usual, I stopped short. There, in front of my mirror, stood a young girl of about sixteen or seventeen years. I could see only her slender figure and two long tresses of very beautiful gold-blonde hair; she had coquettishly donned my fez, and held my unlighted pipe in her fingers; she admired herself in the mirror with a roguish smile.

After a short pause of speechless astonishment, I quietly ventured the remark: "Ah, that isn't so bad for your age!"

She quickly turned and stood there as if petrified, showing me a pretty little face, flushed a deep red, and two big, frightened eyes. But I had not time even to open my mouth, for she took to flight, impetuously, with my fez still upon her curls.

Her hasty flight amused me for a time. Even after I had gone to work again I had to stop from time to time to think of it, and I would laugh right out again. She had shown such a proud bearing when she turned around, that I can still see her vividly.

This little episode affords me a great deal of amusement, but yet I should not like to lose my fez, which reminds me of many a happy hour in my life. I hope that that roguish little person will send it back to me.

•

May 7, 18—

Two days later,—I was just about losing patience,—my fez suddenly reappeared in a very mysterious way, and "in its bosom it carried a secret message." Or, more prosaically, coming home I found it upon the marble slab of my washstand. Inside there was a note fastened with a pin. The first lines were written with great care, almost calligraphed; the last ones badly,—evidently done in a great hurry. The note read:

> "VERY ESTEEMED SIR: I am disconsolate that I took away your fez. I hope you have pardoned me. Please—please excuse me; I shall never again enter your room.
>
> "BERTINA APRILE."

I turned over the sheet the note was written on; it was a page torn from one of her schoolbooks evidently, for there I read: "Question: How many verbs are contained in the following sentences: An immense pike swam in the rushing flood of the Piave," and so on. As can be seen, Miss Bertina Aprile makes good use of her grammatical copybooks. I placed that note between the sheets of my diary and,—with much pleasure,—put my fez on the hook where it had hung.

May 11, 18—.

I must be a lucky fellow. I met the landlord on the stairs; he stopped and asked if I were satisfied with my room, if I lacked anything. So far as he was concerned, he was very glad to have me for a tenant, for he liked serious and industrious young people.

Moreover, his lawyer, Signor Ferlani, had spoken very well of me at the club, and he had divulged to him that I was "Ursus," the writer of the editorials in the liberal Gazzetta. He is an old subscriber of that paper, and he told me that he would never have believed that the inspiriting articles signed "Ursus" had been written by such a young man, and so forth.

He poured forth a flood of praises, which ended with an invitation to supper.

I had that supper last night, and it was excellent. I was received in the most amiable manner by Signora Aprile, a stout and very loquacious lady. As to pretty Bertina, she sat just across the table from me, and spoke but little the whole evening. She was "as good as an angel," and only looked at me curiously. As soon as I looked at her, however, she blushed and avoided my eyes. I learned that her name is really Roberta, that she visits the high-school, and would be the best scholar of her class if she were a little better in geometry and a little less lively.

"Lively? Why, she is so quiet, madame!"

"Yes, now," replied her mother, "because you are here; otherwise she's full of mischief." And then she began to tell an Odyssey of tricks and sly rogueries.

At the bottom of their hearts both her parents adore Bertina, who is a spoiled child; and, I frankly confess, I cannot blame the old folks, for their child really has a most astounding mind. With the capricious whims of a young page she combines the wonderful expression of an intelligent face, brilliant golden hair and dark brown eyes. And how bright those eyes can look!

•

After supper I had a proof of that, just as coffee was served. She brought me a cup herself, and, the moment she handed it to me, she whispered very low, and without even looking at me: "Thanks!"

"What for?" I queried.

"That you said nothing," she added.

I was quite struck by the curious ring in her voice,—a sound between gratitude and fear. What a singular child!

May 15, 18—.

Wonder upon wonder! How it happened I don't know. But still it is a fact, that I, who never had any patience, if it were to teach children; I, who became angry if I had to look at the schoolbooks of my younger brothers, am now teaching Bertina geometry.

I certainly enjoy her confidence, for she begged her father to speak to me about the matter. The good old fellow did so, and I could not refuse him very well. I'm much surprised at it myself, but then I could find no good reasons upon which to base a refusal.

Our lessons have begun. They take place in the parlor after supper, and my pupil is very attentive. Father and mother assist at the instruction in solemn silence, he with his cigar, she with her embroidery.

After the lesson we chat, all four; the father, like all old subscribers to one certain newspaper, has very limited political ideas, and loves to discuss them. His wife reads the same paper, but prefers the "household jottings."

Bertina quietly retires into a corner, but listens very attentively to the conversation. Her mother says she has changed greatly to her advantage since some weeks; she is so quiet and silent,—her mother fears she is ill. I think it's her age!

May 21, 18—.

The more I study this child the more singular she appears to me. I notice that whenever I speak or explain something to her she looks at me intently, almost with an expression of admiration and devotion. If I stop, however, and request her to repeat what I just said, she does not remember one word of it. What is it, then, she is thinking about? If I try to encourage her to speak up, she blushes and lowers her head.

A little episode that happened yesterday made me surmise the truth, if it be the truth. I had remained for supper with the Aprile family, and an uncle of Bertina, a clever and genial young man, who employs his spare time in literary work, was also there. After the dessert an argument arose about the advisability of teaching Latin in the colleges; articles for and against had appeared in the papers, and I had taken sides in the controversy for my beloved classics.

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While letting loose the flow of my eloquence I never lost sight of Bertina's eyes. I noticed that, although she could not possibly understand all the argument, she warmed up as it grew hotter, and, with shining eyes and quivering lips, her head anxiously bent forward, she followed word for word my replies, nodding assent, and glad of my ultimate victory, which she seemed to enjoy as much, if not more, than myself.

May 24, 18—.

This morning I got up quite early and thought over the entire situation. My meditation matured some thoughts that I consider worth writing down in my diary:

First, I confessed to myself that, although it might please my vanity, I was occupying the mind of Bertina altogether too much; then, that it was too bad that she was only seventeen years old; finally (and this idea reconciled me to some extent with my weakness), that one must be very wicked to entangle an innocent heart intentionally.

I really think it is best to stop those lessons in geometry, or I might try to treat her gruffly; perhaps that will work!

May 25, 18—.

I almost believe my apprehensions of yesterday were exaggerated and unnecessary, only the outcome of some silly conceit.

Half an hour ago Bertina came to return a book that I had loaned to her mother. I was working, and thanked her with a friendly nod; requesting her to place the book upon a little table near by, I continued to write. As she turned to go out she grazed the inkstand, and the ink flowed over my books, my manuscripts, over everything on the table. I jumped up with an angry expression on my lips, but when I caught sight of the girl, as pale as a wax candle, so pale that I thought she would faint, I tried to smile and said, laying my hand upon her bowed head:

"Oh, bosh! that was only an accident!"

At the touch of my hand her face flushed scarlet, and again she ran away.

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Later she returned with her mother, and both offered a thousand excuses. I said the damage was but very trifling. The servant came to clean the floor, and—they retired after further profuse apologies. When I was alone again I noticed that a rose which I had placed in a glass upon the marble slab of my bureau had disappeared, although it was half faded. I was sure it was there an hour ago. Who took it away? It could not possibly be anybody else but——!

May 30, 18—.

Great news! This is one of those days one never forgets during a whole lifetime. First, I am going to leave town! Yesterday I was offered a splendid position by the editor of a Rome paper upon the condition of my assuming my new position immediately. I have accepted, said good-by to all my friends, and put my affairs in good shape.

An hour ago I packed my things (there are not so many), and then I went to bid farewell to my landlord's family. The old couple were much affected by my departure.

Even I was moved to some extent. Bertina stood the blow heroically; she begged my forgiveness once more for that fatal ink-well episode, and thanked me for the lessons in geometry; but a kiss I begged her for, her mother permitting and even asking her to grant it, she would not give me! Again she ran away without a word, casting one of her curious, reproachful glances at me.

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Now I'm sitting in my easy-chair, thinking. In another hour the carriage will call to take me and my trunk to the railway station. Sunshine again brightens up the room, just as it did a month ago when I entered this house, yet what a change! I am facing a new future. I'm getting nearer my ultimate aim,—yet I am not happy. Why not? Am I sorry to leave this nook, where I felt so happy, where I dreamed and worked, where I found the peace so dear to me?

No, it is not that! It must be something else! What, then, is it, a little mischievous goblin has been whispering in my ear since yesterday? I must compel myself not to think of it all the time. Alas, it's so absurd of me!

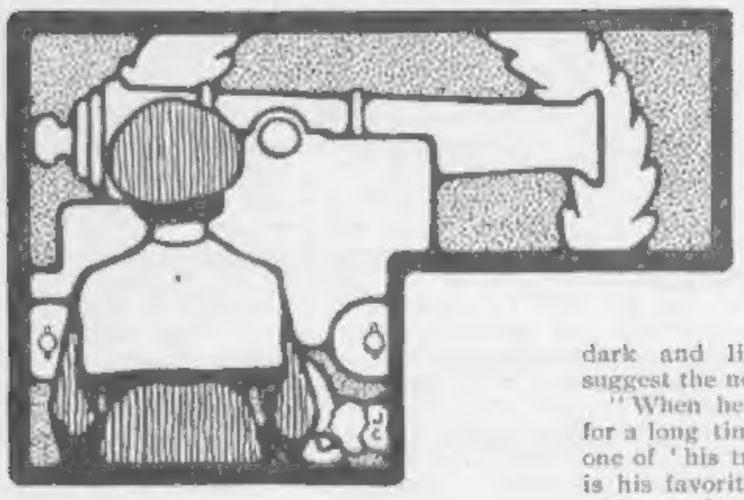
Ah!—I suddenly feel two little arms close about my neck, and a kiss warm upon my lips! Then, before I can utter a word or come to my senses, she has flown.

Alas!—that little goblin was right!

October 10, 18—.

Yes, that little mischievous goblin was right! And now, Miss Bertina Aprile is soon to be no more, for we are engaged.

"AH, THAT ISN'T SO BAD FOR YOUR AGE!"



The BOYHOOD OF HOBSON
TOLD BY HIS MOTHER

IT DIDN'T need the Merrimac to reveal Richmond to us,—we knew him. He has always been the truest hero,—a noble son and brother,—a better son no mother ever had; he has been a tower of strength to me for years. Never forgetting the many demands of a large household, it has always been his pleasure to share his salary with us.

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"In every way he has been a help and comfort. In the three years that he was abroad he has never failed to send the most loving letters, and his resources were always at our command. The appreciation of the country, of course, is most gratifying to us, but it has told us nothing new of his worth."

We were sitting in the parlor of the Hobson home,—Magnolia Grove,—and Mrs. Hobson was speaking. A delightful bit of the old South is this. Fine stalwart oaks and beautiful magnolia trees shade both driveway and path up to the tall, stately house, with its broad porch and great Corinthian columns. And here where Hobson was born, here where his character,—that needed "no Merrimac" to emphasize it,—was formed, here Mrs. Hobson, his mother, told of his boyhood.

"It was rather significant, I think," she went on in her low, gentle voice, "that when the news came of the sinking of the Merrimac everybody who knew him as a boy said: 'Well, that's just what you would expect of him.' Richmond has always had the respect of those who knew him. Even when he was a very little fellow, with a small boy's usual troubles, among his schoolmates his conduct always had a certain manliness.

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"He came home from school one afternoon, when he was not more than eleven or twelve, and I noticed that he was unusually quiet, and that something was troubling him. Instead of coming to me as usual, he went upstairs to his own room.

"'What's the matter with Richmond?' I asked his brother.

"'Oh, he's been fighting,' was the answer.

"'Who? Why?'

"'Boy at school;' and then he gave the reason, which I forget now. 'But Rich fought fair,' he went on eagerly; 'everybody says Rich fought fair, and praised him for it. When the other fellow was down Rich wouldn't hit him, and that's fairer than most boys.'"

Mrs. Hobson smiled as she recalled the incident.

"Of course," she went on smilingly, "it wasn't pleasant to think of him as fighting, but it was some consolation to know that, if he did fight, he 'fought fair.'

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"A boy usually begins to show what kind of stuff he is made of between twelve and fifteen, and it was between those years that he developed his great love for and faith in me. He had no secrets that I did not share, and his solicitude for my welfare was remarkable for a boy of that age. Anything that I was interested in interested him, and as I was always very proud of Magnolia Grove, he, too, began to be proud of it and to care for it. Some of the old trees had fallen down, and he and I together planted several others which he watched over and nursed. Now they're grown up tall and beautiful, and we call them 'Rich's trees.' Come out and I'll show them to you."

We went out into the Grove. Though it was January the air was warm, the sun was shining brightly, and there was enough dark and light green in the foliage to suggest the nearness of summer.

"When he comes home after being away for a long time he always likes to sit under one of 'his trees' and talk with me. This is his favorite tree," and she sat under it, while the deadly kodak was snapped. "The picture is hardly complete," she said, with a smile, "without Richmond himself.

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"There was a trait of character notable in Richmond as a boy that has been of great service to him in his career in the Navy, and that is his power of endurance. He could run the greatest distance, swim better and longer than any boy in the town. On Saturdays, there being no school, he would go off in the woods, or fishing, walking twenty miles, perhaps, in the course of his day's sport, and then come back not the least bit fatigued, and run off at night to his debating club at school.

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"If Richmond was told to do anything, you could always depend upon him to do it. He was once riding in a car in which Governor Leay was a passenger. In changing from one train to another the Governor left his bag behind and the car went a mile before the loss was discovered. The train stopped, but there was no one to go for the baggage until Richmond volunteered to do so. His kind offer was eagerly accepted, and he brought it back in less than twenty minutes, running all the way.

UNDER THE TREES HER BOY PLANTED

"On another occasion, when a cousin who was somewhat younger than himself had run off on a Sunday,—he had refused to dress himself and go to Sunday-school,—we sent Richmond after him. He argued with his recreant cousin, but to no purpose. The younger boy, seeing that Richmond was all dressed up, thought that the easiest way to get away from him was to jump into a neighboring pond, but, despite the fact that he had on his nice new clothes, Richmond went after him and brought him back, the two dripping wet.

"While he was at school," went on Mrs. Hobson, "he was not particularly fond of mechanics or mathematics, and his ambition was to excel as a speaker. He was an excellent debater and a good orator, and I rather expected that his chosen profession would be along those lines. He was a great reader, and in his reading paid a great deal of attention to enlarging his vocabulary, so that when he went to Annapolis he was well able to hold his own with his new acquaintances.

HOBSON AS A CADET

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"Richmond's years at Annapolis were a crucial test of his character, but after he had written to me of two incidents I felt that he was coming out all right. Before he went we had long talks together, and one of the things I particularly impressed on him was the necessity of saying his prayers. I told him that at first he would be ridiculed, but that he could stand that, as opportunity to win the respect of his comrades would come in time, and in a way that would let him keep his self-respect.

"He hadn't been at Annapolis long when he wrote me that he had been dubbed 'Parson' because he said his prayers. He also said that the boys kept aloof from him, but that he thought this was best for the present.

"Some time after that the cadets were practicing on board ship, and one of their duties was to go out on a yard-arm hand-over-hand. Richmond had been out, and was coming in when he met another cadet going out. They came together half way, forty feet above the water. The other cadet made no sign of giving way, so Richmond swung off, holding on with one hand, thus giving the other plenty of room to pass. But as he tried to swing back he lost his grip and fell. When he was picked up he was unconscious, and it was thought that he would not recover, but he got well in such an astonishingly short time that the boys added to his nickname, and instead of calling him 'Parson' after that, he was 'Parson Tough.' He wrote me then that

ON THE PORTICO

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON AND HIS MOTHER

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things had come about as I had said, and that he had earned the respect of his comrades in the right way."

Hobson was popular with the cadets after this incident and he had smooth sailing; but when he got into the higher classes he made enemies by doing what a professor afterward said was "his brave duty."

"Richmond and I had talked over the question of popularity before he went away, and he promised me that he would never let that stand in the way of his duty," said Mrs. Hobson, and this instance will show that he did not.

It is an unwritten rule at Annapolis that the leaders of the sections do not report their own classmates for breaches of discipline, but when Hobson was made leader he was told that discipline must be enforced, and he proceeded to do so by reporting several recalcitrant cadets. The students had a way of punishing this sort of thing themselves by putting the officer "in coventry."

For a while Hobson was left severely alone, but eventually the better-minded students sought his friendship. A few, however, still avoided him. He simply gave up the ordinary social pleasures of the Academy and devoted himself to his books. But when at the end of the second year he was at the head of his class, these cadets came to him and told him that they had decided to change their attitude toward him. "Gentlemen," said Hobson, "you have gotten along without me for over a year; I shall manage to worry on without you for the remaining year."

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"Sometimes," said Mrs. Hobson, "little things would happen at the Academy that would make friends for him, and as he knew that I was always glad to hear about them he always wrote of them to me. One time the boys asked him to play ball, not thinking that he was very well fitted for it, on account of his close application to his studies, but they were much surprised when he took his place as catcher, refusing the ordinary protection of gloves and mask, and showed himself quite efficient. For that they always said he had tremendous nerve, but of course they did not know that he had shown that same nerve in things he did when at home.

"Richmond came back from Annapolis after his graduation with one new ideal that had grown out of his experience and studies,—a hope that he would be able to do something for his country. He had developed a great fondness for mathematics and mechanics, and therefore his choice of service in the construction corps.

"When he went abroad to study he had become so firm in his principles that I did not feel that there would be any falling away from the standard that he had set up for himself. And his letters to me showed that I was right, for they had the same spirit that was in his Annapolis correspondence,—that he was going to stick to his principles even though they didn't meet with the approval of the people."

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Among the Lieutenant's more intimate friends it is said that Hobson is the only American who ever went to Paris and did not visit the Moulin Rouge. An American who met the Lieutenant when he was in Paris, and who had been struck by his interest in machinery, came across him again at a small French watering resort.

"Do you know," he said, after accosting Hobson, "that there is a piece of American machinery in this town?"

"Is that so?" asked Hobson very eagerly. "I haven't seen it, and I should like to very much."

"Come with me," said his friend, and he took him to a barber shop where there was a pair of shears with the stamp of a Providence, Rhode Island, house on it.

"That's American all right," laughed Hobson, "and I'm glad to see it."

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"Richmond was always longing for an opportunity to do something that would be of service to his country," went on Mrs. Hobson. "It was a

MAGNOLIA GROVE, THE HOBSON HOMESTEAD

righteous war; a war for humanity, and I was as glad as he that he would be able to help free the oppressed. I wrote to him after the war opened that I hoped he would do his duty, and that he would refrain from unnecessary rashness. I cannot say I was afraid,—it was a holy war, and he was in God's care.

"He wrote to us with his usual regularity. Finally came a letter from Key West saying that he was about to have some interesting work to do and that we would shortly hear from him. The next thing we did hear of him was that he was the Spaniards' prisoner.

"I think," said Mrs. Hobson, as though divining an inquiry, "that I have much to be proud of in my son, but principally that as a boy he was as much of a hero as he is as a man. We are glad that he is brave, but just as glad that he is generous, loving and upright. People don't know how generous he is. He recently received a large sum of money,—about $5000,—from a publishing concern, and, instead of spending it on himself, it has gone to help his relatives."

"The brother of Richmond?" I asked as we stood at the door, facing the trees "that Richmond planted."

"James? He has gone to West Point. If his turn should come we should expect the same of him. I should like to have him distinguish himself in the Army as his brother has in the Navy."

Verily, Cornelia Gracchus still lives.

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The White Man's Burden

THE Poet of the Seven Seas, in his latest literary venture, volunteers advice as to the duty of this country toward the policy of expansion. The White Man's Burden is better verse than doctrine. It is intensely British, and smacks of supercilliousness. It calls upon us to

"Take up the White Man's Burden,
Have done with childish days,
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise."

Have done with childish days! We wonder if Mr. Kipling deems the conquering of a continent a task unworthy of men? Is not the subjugation of barbarianism and the building up of a wilderness a man's work? Was it child's work, this linking together with a band of steel the Atlantic and the Pacific? Was it all play, this steady Western pressure of the white man, the pushing forward of pioneer and scout and gold-hunter, the movement of the emigrant train, the extension of railways, the building up of half a hundred States, the boom and bustle of a thousand cities?

"If it be romance, if it be contrast, if it be heroism that we require," wrote Stevenson, when he made the journey across the great plains, "what was Troy town to this?"

The fact of the matter is, this country has never had a childhood. A child thrown on his own efforts for existence grows old prematurely. America shouldered the burden early, and up to date every obligation has been met, every debt discharged, though much of the price has been paid in blood.

The Puritans took up the burden when the pangs of famine were gnawing at their vitals, and they faced the rigors of a New England winter surrounded by a cruel and cunning foe. The Minutemen did not flinch from the responsibility when they lined up before the redcoat regulars on the green at Lexington. The Continental Congress wrestled with the weight of it when it declared that all men were created free and equal. Washington bent under the burden when he fought against the vultures of despair at Valley Forge. What was the white man's burden when Lincoln's life ebbed away? The fathers of the children who cast out Spain to-day paid in blood the white man's debt to the black.

And so it has always been and always shall be. Through war, disaster and famine the white man has plodded with his burden, blazing the path toward Progress, and laying down his life for those who followed in the march. The burden has grown with years, but the back is still broad and supple. It may bend, but it can never break; and Mr. Kipling, who wishes us to look seriously on the affairs of life, may be assured, now that we are done with the lightly proffered laurel, that our manhood will merit the approbation of our peers. —JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

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Under the Bondage of the Clock

NO MECHANISM is more widely used, none more indispensable than the clock. It times little daily tasks; it marks the beginnings of great undertakings. It is consulted constantly. A successful man recently gave as the safest, the surest rule for success, "Keep your eye on the clock."

The advice is ambiguous. There is a watching of the clock that is harmful. Promptness has been over-lauded as a quality of success. The average young man of to-day prides himself that he is at the bank or in the office at the stroke of nine, and to be consistent in his promptness he lays down his work at the first stroke of six. He keeps his eye on the clock all day long; he watches the moving hands much too closely. He wastes time that is his employer's in thinking how the day drags, in wondering how he will spend the evening, in dreaming of the golden future when he will be an employer and need only come to the office when inclination prompts. The young man is punctual with his employer; he is not punctual with himself.

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There is another type of man who keeps his eye on the clock from an entirely different motive. He times all his work; he arranges his tasks so that each minute is full. Ten minutes in which to do a certain thing means steady work. It is done, and, keeping his eye on the clock, he maps out and limits some other line of work. At the stroke of six he does not stop unless what he is doing is finished.

There is a watching that saves time, and what more satisfactory balance-sheet than that kept with the clock? When the day closes the eight hours' work represents eight hours' *work*. There comes the satisfaction which results from work faithfully done, the realization that the possibilities of every moment have been utilized. The man is punctual with his employer; he is punctual with himself. He is storing for his future use a reserve fund of power; he is working under high pressure, but the higher the pressure the greater his confidence in his own ability.

The young man who would succeed in any line must learn the science of making every moment tell. Ten minutes earlier to work, half an hour later at the store, are not minutes wasted. They are man's investment in time, and the returns may be incalculable. When the great books are balanced men will be faced with the enormous debit of minutes wasted, and it will be seen that the length of that column will be commensurate with the shortness of the credit column of work accomplished.

We all keep our eyes on the clock, but we should watch it to conserve time, not to waste it; to increase, not to decrease our power of work. We should be masters, not servants, of time. —EDGAR SMILEY NASH.

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Putting Children in Hothouses

WHEN your son comes to you with the complaint that he finds Emerson and the Over-soul tiresome, pat the boy on the back and tell him to put the book away for ten years. The day will come when he will cry for the Over-soul and the Platonist Review as the particular morsel for which his intellectual palate holds a craving.

There is too much of forcing among our younger minds. What man of the reading habit has not kept away from literary treasure-houses for many years because of a distasteful recollection of some earlier and tiresome experience within their walls? You hear praise of a famous novel that you were lured into reading ten years before you were mentally fit for the task. And for many a day you have cheated yourself of its benefits because of an immature conclusion that brought fixed prejudice against it.

The years hold their pleasures and their pains in proper turn. There is no love so sweet as the love that slips in of its own gentle will. The young mind that wearies with its philosophies finds itself frittered into a desire for childish things at fifty. The intellectual house can no more be built from the capstone downward than the castle of rock and mortar.

All over this land we find young minds wearying under the weight of metaphysics and philosophies, to be forgotten, if they ever take even feeble root, before occasion for their need arises. Children are forced into religious instruction that they do not understand, and years of spiritual development are thrown to the winds before the mind's seriousness comes to the soul's rescue, so severe is the setback. Ask the horticulturist about the forced apple. Where is your yearling prodigy among the animals when it is at maturity?

Let us be happier by applying natural methods to carrying out the great purpose of the Universal Artificer.

—HOMER BASSFORD.

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Newspaper Reading as a Dissipation

THERE are few undertakings in life which seem easier, but are really harder, than to read a newspaper aright. To most people it seems to require no effort of any kind, nor yet any preparation. It is the one kind of reading they feel to be a delight and not a task, and they are apt to make it the substitute for all other kinds, not excepting the Bible. But the newspaper so used is not unlikely to do us much more harm than good, and had better be abstained from than read.

The first peril of careless newspaper reading is that of being morally hardened by constant contact with the physical and spiritual evils of the world, without being called upon to any action with regard to them. It requires a notable degree of moral culture to keep from becoming "used to" such things; and there are few things worse for us than to grow accustomed to men's sufferings and their sins, so that these no longer evoke pity, or indignation, or any other emotion in us.

The great minds are those which show the least disposition to become familiar with wrong, so as not to feel indignation every time they see it. They flash out in wrath at iniquity and baseness, they overflow with pity for suffering; and that as much at the hundredth time as the first. They have a moral freshness, which is our right and normal condition. They never "get used to" things, on either their good side or their evil.

It is very hard for us to keep this freshness of moral impression in our daily contact with what the newspaper tells us of the world's evil. It is even harder not to be deceived as to the comparative weight of evil and goodness in the world. The newsgatherer is drawn naturally to the former. It "makes copy" more readily, and gives him a quicker grasp on the public attention.

I once asked a newspaper publisher why the boys were always crying "A Terrible Murder in the Fourth Ward," as they were trying to sell his sheet. He answered that he supposed it must be because they knew their public. He had tried again and again to get them to change from that doleful announcement to things less lugubrious, but in vain. It was impossible for them to sell the paper, they said, if they had not a murder to cry. Especially the good, kind old ladies wanted that. So the newspaper gathers all the horrors of human life, all the rascalities of human conduct, and serves them up to us for our daily repast. The result is a picture which is totally misleading as to the actual texture of human life. It is not the facts, but a selected series of them, which make an impression utterly misleading.

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Take one striking instance of this. If any one had been asked a few years ago, when the Irish Land League was in active operation, what was the most lawless country within the bounds of the English language, he no doubt would have said it was Ireland. Every occurrence in Ireland that could create and heighten that impression was collected in the office of certain Unionist journals in Dublin for telegraphing to England and America. The total impression must have been that Ireland was a hell upon earth. Yet at that very time the average of crime in Ireland was lower than in any other part of the British Empire,—lower than in our New England States, which rank as the most orderly part of America. In no country of the civilized world is there so little crime as in Ireland. The criminal class numbers less than 500 in a population of nearly 5,000,000.

To come nearer home, how much of goodness, loyalty to duty, self-sacrifice, goes on in our own city, which will not "make copy," and therefore never will be mentioned in the newspapers! A man may be born and die in Philadelphia, discharge every duty of a father of a family, a neighbor, a citizen, a member of the church, and all in the best way, and earn the love and esteem of all who know him, and yet he may be mentioned only twice in the newspapers,—when he is married and when he is buried. I know how hard it is to have it otherwise, but the transcription of life fully and fairly is one of the hard things which will have to be done, unless we are to see a growing sensitiveness to the quality of our newspapers, which will seriously affect their position.

The last peril of newspaper reading I shall name is its effect upon our mental powers, especially the memory. An Arab metaphysician enumerates the things which tend to weaken the power of recollection, and one of them is to go into the graveyard and read the inscriptions on the tombstones. That is, to occupy the mind with a series of isolated and unconnected facts must impair the memory.

Newspaper reading is too largely of this very character, not of necessity, but because the reader has not the previous culture required for seeing the underlying connection between the facts the paper brings him. He needs to know the political, social, economical, literary and spiritual history of the times before he can get things into their right relations and see their real connections. As he does not, his reading runs through his mind without producing any impression whatever; and the mind takes on the character of a sieve by very force of habit.

Earlier generations carried Homer, Job, the Vedas, the Talmud in their memories over the centuries. The Hindu student still learns the Vedas by oral tradition from Gurus, who learned it in the same way. But they read no newspapers, and our newspaper-reading generation holds fast to nothing. Quite recently a controversy has arisen as to what Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Browning said at a London dinner-table about Mr. Disraeli; and Canon MacColl and Mr. Tollemache, who were both present, flatly contradict each other. That is only a sample of thousands of instances of our short memories.

Here the fault is in ourselves, and is felt to be so. The formation of classes for the study of "current events" shows this. They are honest efforts to remedy a real evil.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

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The Passing of Old-Time Oratory

IT IS frequently said that oratory of the traditional,—we might add the classical,—sort is in the way of becoming extinct. Our age, given over to science and to scientific methods of thought and investigation, doubtless has set aside emotion and emotional influences wherever it could, in order to make sure of conclusions based upon an unprejudiced examination of facts. The result has been a wonderful advance in many fields of knowledge, and almost incredible physical conquests have led to a practical application of natural forces in human economy. But what has oratory lost or gained?

It has doubtless let go a great deal of mere tremulous appeal, mere windy rage, and it has ceased to depend upon melody, mimicry, facial contortion and bodily gymnastics. We must not rashly conclude that this change is in any degree due to a great elemental reform in human nature. Now, as ever, the orator's audience can be easily carried off its sensible equilibrium by the ancient appeal of comedy, tragedy, farce, caricature, ridicule, invective. The sea of passion is ready to give every wind a full breast of boiling waves. We note, however, that there are fewer wrecks on account of oratorical gales nowadays. In other words, the emotion stirred up by gusty and roaring oratory does not, as formerly, end in conviction and lead to final action.

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The very highest compliment that we can pay to the civilization of to-day is to acknowledge that the ballot, the law, the jury's verdict, the ruling of the courts, the obligations of religion are no longer appreciably affected by oratory purely emotional. Why should they be affected by it? Now and again a criminal might escape red-handed from justice under cover of a fog of eloquence; but our age seeks justice, not dramatic escapes from it. If we are practical, it is because we have found that what is honestly practical pays large dividends in solid betterments of society and the State. We have lost faith in manufactured emotion, seeing that it rarely finds its most successful employment on the side of established law and order.

The advance of popular education has relegated the oratory of stage passion to the stage, where it belongs. People still like the amusement afforded by comedy and tragedy; they thrill to a melodious voice and a finely modulated intonation; they warm to a splendidly leonine presence from which pours the sonorous tumult of open-voweled words; but it is mere delectation.

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True oratory is, however, as efficacious as it ever was. The only restriction at present laid upon it is that it must not expect to carry us so far away that we cannot get back to sober and reasonable reflection before we make up our minds to act. The orator now understands that, however much his audience may enjoy a magnetic face, a sweet and powerful voice, bubbling humor, effervescing wit, scathing irony, pathos, and all the fine turns of a nimble and powerful imagination, there is to be a reaction before deciding the grave question at issue. This return to the quiet and soberness of reason puts all that has been said under deliberate, conscientious scrutiny. Science, which is but a shorter word for common-sense, tears off the splendid decorations from oratory, and tests its inmost meaning; upon that meaning, and that alone, are enlightened people willing to act in matters of importance to themselves, to their country, to mankind.

It is not, then, the passing of oratory that we have to recognize, but only the passing of that state of ignorance which formerly exposed untrained popular imagination to the influence of melodious deception and melodramatic make-believe, supported by a superb personal presence and the dangerous prestige of fame. We have come to the point of demanding much more of the orator than we formerly did. Once we were satisfied when our imagination responded; now we habitually and methodically take counsel of judgment in the presence of convincing facts; such counsel confines oratory to truth, or condemns its conclusions.

Oratory is neither dead nor moribund; its power for evil is, however, very greatly diminished, and may in time almost disappear; but when the orator is on the side of right, when the facts are with him, and justice, truth and humanity aid him, then his eloquence may boom like the ocean and rush like the tempest, carrying us with it, and sober reflection will justify our impulsive assent. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE GREATEST POST OFFICE IN THE WORLD

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

This article has been revised and officially corrected by the courtesy of Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General

THE postal service is a marvelously planned and elaborated piece of machinery for the carrying of messages and other letters. Fairy tales tell of the mystic power of magic paper to bring countless servants to do the will of the holder. To-day a tiny piece of paper called a postage stamp can summon to do its bidding an army of over 105,000 people in the pay of the United States alone. The fact has become so commonplace by repetition that we may have closed our eyes to its wonder side. A study of our own postal system may show how great is the marvel of this process of carrying a letter.

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TWELVE THOUSAND LETTERS A MINUTE

Uncle Sam has the greatest post-office in the world. Every minute, day and night, during the entire year, 12,000 letters and packages are dropped into the mails. The average American sends more pieces of mail and receives more than the average inhabitant of any other country on earth. In 1897 the number of pieces of matter of all kinds mailed in this country was about 17,000,000 for every day in the year.

THE FORTUNES CARRIED BY THE MAIL

There are now 23,421 money-order post-offices in the United States, as compared with 419 in 1865, when the system went into operation. The number of domestic money-orders issued in 1898 was 289,652,000; the amount was the enormous sum of $191,354,000. When to this is added the millions of dollars sent by ordinary mail and registered letter, and the immense sums sent by checks and drafts, the wealth carried by the mails is estimated to be over a million dollars a day. When a postmaster has not sufficient money-order funds on hand to pay orders drawn on his office, he is expected to use all available postal funds in his possession. Should this not prove to be enough, he makes a draft on the postmaster at New York. So careful is the payment of money-orders, and so safe the medium, that there is less than one error in every 250,000 payments.

WHERE PENNSYLVANIA LEADS THE NATION

The United States has 73,570 post-offices; nearly 50,000 of these have been established since the close of the Civil War. Pennsylvania leads the line of States with 5155; next comes New York with 3724; Alaska, the last on the line, has thirty-eight. The greatest gain in new post-offices in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, was recorded by Kentucky, with 164. Nearly 6500 of our post-offices are in charge of women. No nation in the world can compare with the United States in the energy, quickness and working capacity of its citizens. While we have nearly as many post-offices as Germany, Great Britain, France and Russia combined, the working force of postal clerks is less than one-half

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THE POPULARITY OF THE POSTAL CARD

When postal cards were first issued, in 1873, they were treated disdainfully, they were accused of being vulgar, and only 31,000,000 were sold. This is really the issue for two months only. In 1898 the number rose to 556,380,000. They are made by contract, and cost the Government about thirty three cents a thousand. The contract requires that 20,000,000 be always on hand, but the number available is greater. In one day the manufacturers received and filled an order from St. Louis for 10,000,000 and one from Chicago for 25,000,000. It required four freight cars to carry them.

AS SAFE AS A REGISTERED LETTER

Registered letters are treated with great consideration. They are confided only to the care of sworn employees of the department. Each person handling a registered letter gives a receipt for it; when he parts with it he receives a receipt. When a number of registered letters are shut in one pouch they are treated as one article. They are officially counted, and tell-tale locks on the pouches cannot be opened without changing the number on the dial of the lock. Receipts are given and taken for the whole pouch. Registration was begun, in 1855, with 629,312 pieces. In 1898 about 15,600,000 registered articles passed through the mails. The loss was only 643 articles, or one in 24,262. This includes loss caused by burning and wrecking of post-offices, postal cars and steamboats, and minor unavoidable accidents. Excluding Government letters, there was a loss to the public of but one piece in 37,500. Only 344 complaints of carelessness by postal employees were proven.

THE SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTERS

A special delivery stamp crowns an ordinary letter and ensures it royal care. It travels first class; the clerks pass it rapidly on its way; on reaching its destination all schedules are disregarded; it is honored by being sent by a special messenger. This service was begun in 1886; in 1898 the number of these stamps issued was over 5,000,000. New York City delivered the greatest number of these letters,—about 693,000. Boston came next, with 275,000. The average time, throughout the nation, for delivery from post office to addressee was seventeen minutes.

CIRCLING THE GLOBE IN AN HOUR

Uncle Sam paid the railways for 1898 nearly $29,000,000 for transporting his mail. Sixty years ago 974 miles of railway carried all our mail; at the close of the Civil War there were 23,401 miles; in 1896 the 2560 separate routes aggregated 174,777 miles. Compared with this the railway postal service of all other nations dwindles into insignificance. Germany, the nearest approach to a rival, has only 27,243 miles; France follows close with 25,665 miles. Our postal cars, during the year 1898, ran a distance of 281,586,000 miles. This means that every hour one of our mail trains traveled a distance equal to one and one-fifth times round the globe. The amount paid to railways is based on the average weight of daily mail per mile on a weighing for thirty successive days.

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WHAT A MINUTE'S LOSS OF TIME MEANS

The railway mail coaches are really working post offices, rushing along at lightning speed, whizzing through towns, swaying round curves, and rumbling over bridges, while the railway clerks, men with prodigious memories of lives, offices, stations, routes and time tables, distribute, classify and tie up tons of papers and letters. Not a second must be lost, not a motion of the hand must be wasted. One minute's loss of time may pulsate across the continent and delay mail for many hours on numberless connections. Yet so accurate is the work of the 8000 railway postal clerks that during last year there was but one error in the handling of every 11,960 pieces. Each clerk sorting mail handles 1,560,800 pieces.

SUPPLYING STATIONERY BY THE TON

The supply department of the postal service is an immense business in itself. Over six tons of stationery, blanks, books, twine, scales, etc., are mailed every day from the Department at Washington. Facing-slips put around letters and packages numbered 550,000,000 last year; blanks, over 90,000,000; lead pencils, 200,000; pens, 13,700 gross; sealing wax, over five tons. The wrapping paper cost as much as the President's salary. Despite rigid economy, $90,000 worth of twine was called for. Paper by the ton, blanks by the thousand, ink by the barrel,—still figures grow weak and unsatisfying. The Division of Supplies occupies a building formerly used as a skating rink. One room contains supplies of every blank used in every post office in the country, another room is filled with wrapping-paper and twine, another great room has thousands of the 217 different articles of stationery for first and second class offices.

MYSTERIES OF THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE

The Dead Letter Office at Washington received, last year, nearly 6,000,000 letters and parcels, nearly half of which were returned to the owners. These letters contained money, drafts and notes amounting to nearly one million dollars. There were 44,500 letters and parcels without any address. About 17,000 articles are found in the mails every year without wrappers. Over 23,000 photographs were found in letters opened in the Dead-Letter Office during the year. The letters of this office are "live" and "dead." "Live" letters are those posted at various offices and unmailable for lack of necessary postage, misdirection, or insufficient addresses. "Dead" letters are those that are duly stamped and properly addressed, but unclaimed at office of destination. The ingenuity of the best "readers," sustained by a host of directories and reference books, is taxed to the utmost to decipher puzzling addresses before the Government permits a letter to be opened. The sacredness of correspondence is respected. Every day 17,000 pass under the knife.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ACCOUNTING-ROOM

Uncle Sam has the largest accounting-room in the world. It is the office of the Sixth Auditor at Washington, where every single transaction of the entire postal service finds final examination. The magnitude of the work, the infinity of detail, the mastery of system is appalling. Five hundred clerks constitute the working corps. In 1898 they passed accounts and claims involving $500,000,000, or over $1,500,000 for each working day. Every one of the 73,570 postmasters submits a quarterly report. Every item, every figure, every memorandum in each of these accounts must be subjected to microscopic scrutiny; every report passes through the hands of nine sets of clerks. Letters by the thousand and vouchers by the million must be checked and classified.

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WHEN LETTERS WERE SENT C. O. D.

Free delivery by carriers was begun in 1863. Before that date the postmen used to collect a cent on each letter for delivering it. In 1863 free delivery was put into operation at sixty-six offices, with 450 carriers, at an annual pay-roll of $317,000. To-day we have 627 free delivery offices, 12,931 carriers, and it costs Uncle Sam $13,000,000. Any place having a population of 10,000, or a revenue of $10,000 a year from its post office, can demand free delivery. Nearly one third of the people of the United States have their mail brought to their doors; the other two thirds have to go to the post office. Carriers are paid from $600 to $1000 a year, and have fifteen days' vacation, with full pay. They must be citizens of the United States.

LOSING MONEY ON TWO-THIRDS OF OUR MAIL

The United States lost, in 1897, about $26,000,000 in carrying second class matter. This consists of magazines, newspapers and serial libraries, carried at one cent a pound, and copies of papers forwarded free to subscribers in the country. The cost to the Government of transporting second class matter is eight cents a pound; the revenue from it was but eight and a half mills. From two thirds of the mail matter handled in 1897 the revenue was less than one thirtieth of the cost of the mail service. No stamps appear on second class matter. The money for postage is paid to the postmaster, and he gives a receipt for the amount to the publisher. The use of "newspaper stamps" has been discontinued. There are 9378 post offices sending second class matter, and for 1898 there were sent 398,000,000 pounds; over fifty-five per cent. of this bulk was sent from six centres,—New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati.

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UNCLE SAM'S ANNUAL BLINDFOLD AUCTION

Dead letters which contain money, and which cannot be restored to owners, are kept for three months, when they are turned over to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. The letter and money may be reclaimed at any time within four years. The faithfulness of the records kept, and the thoroughness of the system of tracing lost letters and packages is wonderful. About 80,000 parcels are constantly on file in the department storerooms. All addressed matter remaining in storage for two years, and all unaddressed matter on file over six months, is sold annually. The auction is held every December just before the holidays. A regular catalogue is printed and the sale lasts a week. The contents of many packages or letters may make up a single sales parcel. The average price is sixty cents a parcel; the total amount sometimes exceeds $1000. All unclaimed magazines, papers, miscellaneous publications and picture cards are sent to the charitable institutions of the District of Columbia.

THE FASTEST VESSEL CARRIES THE MAIL

Uncle Sam's foreign mail cost over $1,760,000 for 1898. The rule under which mails for transatlantic destinations have for many years been assigned is that the fastest vessel available be chosen. The choice is based on the time made on three successive trips. Other conditions being equal, preference is given to vessels flying the United States flag. Vessels of United States register not under contract receive $1 60 a pound for letters and postals and eight cents a pound for other articles. Vessels of foreign register receive about forty four cents a pound for letters and four and a half cents a pound for other articles. Vessels under contract carry the mail at a compensation of four dollars a mile from New York to Southampton, without regard to weight. Mails are now received from incoming steamers at quarantine, and thence are taken directly to the railway depots for transportation, instead of passing through the New York office. It saves from ten to twelve hours in forwarding mail to Chicago and St. Louis.

BILLIONS OF PIECES OF STAMPED PAPER

Figures give no real idea of the magnitude of our postal service. During the year ending June 30, 1898, the number of pieces of stamped paper aggregated over 4,600,000,000. This includes stamps, postal cards, stamped envelopes, etc. This number is so great that a clock ticking once a second would require over 146 years, for 1898, to equal the number. The ordinary stamps issued were about 3,370,000,000, of which over two thirds were two-cent stamps. It costs the Government five cents a thousand for making and printing ordinary stamps.

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MAKING ARCTIC EXPLORATION SEEM TAME

The immense distances to which mail matter is carried, and the terrible danger in delivering mail in some quarters, particularly in Alaska, is astonishing. In hundreds of cases it costs over fifty cents to carry a full paid letter bearing but a two-cent stamp. Last year the contractor who makes annually six round trips in Alaska, from Juneau to Circle City, a distance of 900 miles, encountered dangers, hardships and privation that makes Arctic exploration seem tame. On one of his return trips he had to travel 6500 miles (or quarter-way round the globe) more than the regular route distance to make schedule time for starting on his next trip.

WHY OUR POSTAL SYSTEM DOES NOT PAY

The United States is the only great nation in the world whose post office does not pay a profit to the Government. In 1896 the total receipts of the postal service from all sources were less than $83,000,000, the total expenditures were over $94,000,000. The deficiency was in excess of $11,000,000. The chief reason for the deficiency is the liberal attitude taken by the nation toward second-class matter. But as this is construed as an educative power, the deficiency may be justified. Many students of political questions declare there is no real reason why the Postal Department, serving the needs of the people, should be expected to pay, any more than should other branches of the service.

The immense domain of the United States is a factor that makes this invidious comparison in expense with other nations unjust. Uncle Sam carries letters for two cents over an area larger than all Europe. Great Britain's post office pays over $13,000,000 a year, but England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales could fit into one of our States,—New Mexico. Germany makes nearly $6,000,000, but the Empire is only three quarters the size of Texas. The profit of the French post-office is nearly $10,000,000; Uncle Sam could surpass this if he could reduce his domain to his two States, Arizona and Wyoming. Italy's comes out about even by carrying the mails poorly in a nation the size of Montana. Considering the immensity of the amount of mail carried, the magnificence of the distances, and the comparative smallness of the force, the showing of the postal service of America is marvelous.

THE MAN WHO HOLDS AN EMPIRE IN HIS HAND

CECIL RHODES' GREAT WORK IN AFRICA

By H H GREYSON

Illustrations by LOWENHEIM

AS HEAD and front of the great syndicate known as the "Chartered Company," Cecil Rhodes has forced a way,—cleared away all obstacles, no matter how great,—into the wildest of countries, where even the most fearless of explorers hesitated to penetrate. He has made alliances with, and secured concessions from, native chiefs whom all others feared. He has traveled on foot and alone many thousands of miles to carry into effect a scheme which, if previously proclaimed to the world, would have been looked upon as the imaginings of a lunatic, and he has always come out unscathed.

This man, with a Jewish cast of features, apparently not over strong in physical build, might be passed and repassed without causing any one to take the second look at him, as he plods the narrow streets of Salisbury in a well worn gray tweed suit, his keen, gray eyes shaded by the flap of a large slouched Africander hat.

But stop him! Begin to converse, and at once you realize that the "man in gray" is a remarkable character; for his keen, gray eyes look you through, his clear, crisp speech electrifies you, and, as he stands before you, you feel his superiority in a moment.

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One day in May, 1876, away up in a wild region called Mashonaland, there were camped several venturesome miners. They had prospected for gold in vain into this unknown region. They sat in sullen silence, musing over their troubles, with but little to hope for, little to subsist upon, and less to cover their nakedness.

They had determined to start to the southward, when one morning they heard the patter of a horse's hoofs, the rattle of accoutrements, and there rode into their midst a small, gray-coated man, flap hatted, and mounted on a scrawny African pony. Halting and dismounting, the first thing he said was: "Say, fellows! got any grub?"

The miners gave the apparently hungry man some food,—a part of their little all, and when he had eaten, he said:

"I suppose you people are miners. What luck have you had?"

"Blamed bad luck!" answered one.

The little man in the gray tweed smiled. "Didn't go about it right, I suspect." And then he told them who he was, and that, coming on behind, were troops and wagons loaded with provisions and material for house building, and that he was going to build a town! Everybody in Africa had heard of Cecil John Rhodes, and knew his methods.

Next morning there appeared in this wilderness, for the first time in the history of the world, most probably, the advance guard of a military organization. Then came a troop of police, then another troop of the Forty-fifth, a detachment of engineers and mechanics, and last several Directors of the British South African Chartered Company,—monocles and all,—followed by a dozen lumbering "trek" wagons loaded with provisions and lumber.

"SAY, FELLOWS! GOT ANY GRUB?"

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When, in the afternoon, things had somewhat quieted, Cecil Rhodes called a gathering of all on the ground. And he made a speech,—such a speech as only Cecil Rhodes could make. He said:

"We are here, gentlemen, in the heart of a strange country. I thank you, first of all, for the dependence you place in me, having proven your belief in my work by following me far from your homes and firesides to this place. Close by us lives a native chief, Lo Bengula, who is feared for thousands of miles to the north, west, south and east. We have come to treat with that chief, whom, rumor says, lets no white man live who enters his domain. I propose to go into his kraal, to treat with him, secure a concession, raise the standard of Old England, and—come out again. [Cheers.] Here upon this very spot I will build a city, and it shall be called Buluwayo, which in the Matabele tongue means 'not lost.' We are not lost, by any means!

"For each of the miners, policemen and troopers here present I shall have surveyed a piece of ground, material for the building of a house shall be given them, and the whole shall be deeded to them forever. The only return I shall ask will be the fealty of all in the opening of a territory which has undoubted wealth, and over which shall float the flag of our country, and to which shall come civilization, Christianity and peace. [Cheers.] To-morrow I shall start for the territory of Lo Bengula. The journey is so full of danger that I shall want but a few followers, and they must go with me unarmed into the kraal of the great chief after we have arrived on his immediate territory. Who will come?"

There was a momentary silence. Then there broke forth a chorus of "I's" from the highest dignitary of the Chartered Company to the lowest in the ranks of the troopers. The man in gray on the wagon bowed his head and said, "I thank you."

By sunrise the next day there was a magical change.

Buluwayo was founded, Buluwayo was partly built, and Mashonaland,—a veritable primeval wilderness,—had the beginnings of a civilized town within its borders.

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About a week afterward Cecil Rhodes with six of the Directors, escorted by sixty police and troopers, arrived near the kraal of Lo Bengula, three hundred miles from their own camp and in an entirely unknown country. By inquiry of natives of Barotse whom they met, and who often made journeys through that land, they learned that they were fifty miles from the kraal of the black King. Rhodes ordered the police and troopers into camp to await his return, while with the six Directors he made his way to the great chief's kraal. Not a weapon of any sort was carried by any of them.

One of Lo Bengula's sub chiefs,—possibly his principal man,—met them. Rhodes requested an *indaba* (talk). The message was taken to Lo Bengula, and the *indaba* was granted. A hundred sub chiefs met Rhodes' party and led them into the great *indaba* kraal (talk house). The chief was not present. All the sub chiefs were armed, and a great throng of warriors closed about the kraal.

Rhodes, who speaks almost every native African language, talked with them in their own tongue. He told them that they must make certain treaties with him who had the power; that they must only have one wife, and she must be purchased; that the *ukuta* (clubbing a wife),—lying in wait and clubbing the bride into insensibility,—must cease; and that they must become subjects of the "great white Queen."

The astonished chiefs were mute; such boldness awed them. Just at this time Lo Bengula entered in all his majesty, in his six feet four inches of height and giant strength. When he heard the blunt proposals he straightened his giant frame and glared upon the white men. He saw no fear in the eyes of Rhodes. Lowering his massive head, he spoke:

"White man, you are brave like Bengula. Your life is safe. I will give these things my thoughts. Go!"

Shortly after a treaty was signed, and the protectorate was established. Rhodesia became a fact. By the fearlessness of one man a territory was gained which was larger far than many countries.

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This "man in gray" goes from tribe to tribe. He speaks their language; he sleeps in their dirty, vermin-infested kraals; he marches with his flat *veldtschoen* over many miles of territory, surveying hundreds of leagues, alone. From Buluwayo to Beira he traveled on foot, making the preliminary survey of the road now nearly finished. He knows no fear. Fatigue never wears him.

From many sides we can view Cecil Rhodes, and each presents a new feature in his remarkable personality. In his palace (for it is really a palace) at Salisbury he sits and rules Cape Colony, Rhodesia and British Central Africa. His word is law to millions.

Lords and ladies are refused admission to his sanctum. Dignitaries are rebuffed and told to wait, while he talks for hours to a native Kaffir or poor Bechuana.

His life Governorship of the great DeBeers Consolidated Mining Company at Kimberly, is a remarkable instance of his foresight and knowledge of financial schemes. In 1872, when the old "open mine,"—the largest hole ever dug with shovels, and the largest Kaffir graveyard in Africa,—was worked by hundreds who had "claims," and who worked separately, Cecil Rhodes saw that the production of the mine would be greatly increased by proper machinery.

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He maneuvred with the few rich men in Kimberly,—among them the brothers DeBeers,—and so well did his maneuvring turn out that one morning the workers of the small claims found themselves bought out, and that the DeBeers Consolidated Company had purchased all the land, including Kimberly, an area of about thirty miles.

The result of this grand "coup" is the "deep" Kimberly, and the DeBeers, worked under the guidance of an American General Manager, and worked by American machinery, has produced £3,000,000 per annum in diamonds, and, controlling the world's diamond market, makes its own terms, the one-pound shares now being quoted at £31 10s. Cecil Rhodes is a life Governor at an immense salary, besides being one of the largest stockholders in the DeBeers Company.

Many of the small claim workers are still in Kimberly, and make a living from the *débris*, or tailing, of the old diggings of the open mine, lying in every street in Kimberly. The city corporation hires out a street to parties, who wash the dirt many feet deep, replacing it as they go; among this *débris* many good stones are found which were missed in the hurried work of years ago.

Among these workers there is one man,—a big, bony Scotchman named Moyer. He at one time wrote much doggerel, which he had printed and posted all over Kimberly. It was always against Cecil Rhodes [illegible] or relating actions as Governor of the mines. One day Moyer went to Mr Rhodes and said: "You know me, I hope?"

"Yes," said Rhodes; "I ought to."

"Well," said Moyer, "I want something from you. You have robbed me of my fortune, and now you can give a part of it back. I want you to give me dirt to wash."

"You cannot be so very poor, Mr. Moyer. You have means, I see, to pay for printing."

"Yes, and I print truth." "Well," said Rhodes, "here is a note. Take it to the Secretary; he will fix you."

SIX FEET FOUR INCHES OF HEIGHT AND GIANT STRENGTH

Moyer went with the note. It gave him the life privilege of washing the tailings of the mine, and, moreover, stated that "he could continue his poetic efforts till time was no more—for Moyer." And Moyer is still in Kimberly, and is getting rich.

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Once Wolf Joel, the nephew of Barney Barnato, and who was recently killed by a soldier, besought Cecil Rhodes for permission to extend his "trek" operations into Rhodesia. The reply is characteristic of the man. It read:

"Wolf Joel, Johannesburg.
We are thieves ourselves of a certain calibre. Thieves *of your* calibre we do not want.
'(Signed) C. J. RHODES.'"

The most curious trait in Cecil Rhodes' character is his antagonism to women. Though his sister, a rarely intelligent woman, lives in his palace at Salisbury, he scarcely ever sees her. Yet he has a most tender heart, and with it a most violent temper.

Cecil Rhodes does not use liquor of any kind. He is a curious combination of shrewdness and wonderful cunning, but with these he combines the sage thoughts of a statesman. The whole world must acknowledge that there is but one Cecil John Rhodes and that no other man living could have performed the work which has opened a pathway through Africa thousands of miles wide, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Nile, and over which floats the standard of Great Britain.

• • •

H. H. GREYSON

He was born in San Bernar- [illegible] was sixteen, when he was sent to the Polytechnic School, from which he graduated in engineering. He took a similar course of [illegible] whose Ch[illegible] of condensed m[illegible]

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Fitzhugh Lee's Advice on Giving Advice

In appointing General Fitzhugh Lee as Consul-General in Havana, President Cleveland made one of the most popular coups of his régime. "There is a man," said a noted official when he heard of Lee's appointment, "who, in looking after the interests of his countrymen, cannot be blinded, and he has more sand than any man I know."

General Lee was universally liked in Havana, and his administration was regarded with general satisfaction in the United States. American residents in Cuba felt no alarm as to their safety, and he succeeded even in winning the admiration, if not the friendship, of the enemy.

When he was in Havana, Mr. Alvord, calling upon the Consul-General one day with a proposition he believed to be opportune, found him urbane and happy as usual, ready to joke and tell stories while he rapidly did a great deal of work.

"General, I have a suggestion to make that I think will please the world," said Mr. Alvord.

"Hold up there, Blanco!" exclaimed the General. "Never make suggestions. One time when I was a raw Lieutenant just out of West Point, riding across the plains with my troop, I caught sight of some Indians in a little woods. Hastily I rode up to the Colonel and said enthusiastically, 'Colonel, I suggest that I take a few troopers and slug the Indians in that copse.'

"'Your suggestion is approved,' replied the Colonel; 'pick out your men and go for them.'

"I selected about fifty good troopers and made a rush for the Indians. It seemed as if every blade of grass and every branch on the trees turned into war-paint and tomahawks. A shower of arrows laid several of us low, and the rustling of the leaves showed that the Indians were in force and well armed. One arrow went through my own body and I fell in a faint to the ground. Several hours after I was lying in the field hospital just as the Colonel went by.

"'Hello!' he exclaimed. 'What officer is that?'

"The orderly saluted and replied: 'That is young Lieutenant Lee, sir.'

"'Ahem!' ejaculated the Colonel. 'That is the d—— fool who suggested the thing.'

"So," continued Lee impressively, "don't suggest anything. Do what you are told to do, and let it go at that."

•

General Merritt's Twenty-Seventh Letter

The appointment of General Wesley Merritt, who is second only in rank to the Commanding General of the Army, to command the troops sent to the Philippines was resented generally by his friends and the men who had served under him. He would be far removed, they argued, from any possible chance of obtaining distinction, and the President's policy was widely regarded as an act of injustice to a brave and eminent officer.

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT

Merritt's appointment, however, is one more proof of what is constantly claimed, that the President is a wise judge of men. No one better suited to the delicate and unique commission entrusted to him could have been found. He is to the Army what Admiral Dewey is to the Navy,—an officer with a record for gallantry and for successful achievement second to none, personally popular, and enjoying to the fullest extent the confidence of his officers and his men.

General Merritt is a graduate of the Military Academy, and his active service began with the breaking out of the Civil War, during which he attained a higher rank than any other officer of his age, and was known as the "Boy Brigadier." But he was a boy only in appearance and age. He had a man's intellect and judgment, and it is recorded of him that he never disappointed his superiors. Early in life he learned that lesson on which all military discipline is founded,—obedience; he never questioned orders or fretted while under them. Major Joseph Pangborn, one of his staff officers, is responsible for the following story:

After the Civil War thousands of cavalry troops were encamped at San Antonio, Texas, without the slightest notion of what they were there for and with a deep-seated desire to be mustered out and go home. General Merritt was in command, but if he knew or suspected the reason why the authorities at Washington had massed so many men on the Texas frontier he never whispered it. When he was questioned, as frequently happened, and pressed to tell something that might indicate an end to the weary waiting and it was difficult to dispose of the interlocutors, "Now, gentlemen," he would say, "if you please, the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet, what is it?"

Then came the chorused roar, in which he himself would stentoriously join, "Let her rip." And this indication of soldierly resignation and patience was all that could be gotten out of him.

General Merritt is not only a seasoned warrior, but a man of the world, clever and observing. He is handsome, direct, sincere and honest, lacking none of the qualities that make a man successful no matter in what field he is placed. His marriage in London to a beautiful young woman, his junior by many years, was a romantic incident of the early fall. "All the world loves a lover," and the courtship and wedding of this military hero did as much to put the people of the country in sympathy with him as his bravest performance during either the Civil or last war.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE

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Captain Lee's Appointment

The recent determination of the British Government to create the permanent office of military attaché to its Embassy at Washington, and to make Captain Arthur H. Lee, of the Royal Artillery, the first incumbent, was a particularly timely act.

Captain Lee is an experienced campaigner, a former professor of military topography at the Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada, an officer of keen discrimination, and a gentleman who has made a multitude of friends in the United States.

His behavior throughout the Santiago campaign won him the esteem of the united Regular and Volunteer Armies, and his glowing tributes to the qualities of the American soldier, both in official reports and in later magazine articles, will insure for him most cordial treatment in his new office.

A pleasing personality is reflected in his reports on the quick work of the Americans in Cuba. He made himself a part of the American Army, and his liberal use of "we," "us," "our," and other intimate parts of speech established a solid friendship with officers and men alike.

•

Honors for Artist Cauldwell

It was not so much the appointment as it was the way in which it was brought about that conferred on John B. Cauldwell, of New York, the Art Commissioner of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1900, the most flattering distinction that could come to an artist.

When representatives of the leading art societies held a conference to select a candidate for the commissionership it was found that Mr. Cauldwell was the unanimous choice of the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, the National Society of Mural Painters, the American Water-Color Society, and the Society of American Artists.

This certainly was a potential indorsement; but as soon as the decision became known the American Fine Arts Society, the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Municipal Art Society of New York, the Architectural League of New York, the Fine Arts Federation, and other bodies hastened to add their testimonial of approval. To this exceptional vouching for the qualifications of a brother artist, the committee that suggested Mr. Cauldwell's appointment to the Secretary of State had only to add that their candidate had an intimate knowledge of the French language and people to round off a most unusual indorsement.

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When Reed Helped Choate Out

Mr. Choate's appointment as Ambassador to England recalls a story current in Washington several years ago. Senator Walcott, Mr. Reed,—the famous T. B.,—and Mr. Choate were spending a cozy evening together at Senator Walcott's home.

"I have never smoked a cigar, I have never played a game of poker, and I have never attended a horse race in my life," said Mr. Choate in the course of the conversation. Senator Walcott looked pathetically at the Speaker of the House:

"I wish I could say that," he remarked.

"You can," said Mr. Reed; "Choate did."

•

Mrs. Potter Palmer's Activity

One of the most popular and prominent women of the West is Mrs. Potter Palmer. She is a woman of determination; she rarely fails to achieve anything she attempts. A favorite of Chicago society as Miss Bertha Honore, she lost none of her popularity when she became Mrs. Potter Palmer.

When the great Chicago fire reduced her husband's rent rolls from thousands of dollars to nothing, Mrs. Palmer proved that she was a veritable helpmeet. She set to work to help her husband to his feet again. She helped manage affairs at the great hotel which bore her husband's name. Thrift brought its own reward, and soon the loss was more than made good. Friends, of course, began to grow more numerous, and many prim dames who were cold to her before began to wax cordial.

MRS. POTTER PALMER

Mrs. Palmer's sister became the wife of Colonel Fred Grant, and went to live at the White House. Then the World's Fair brought wide fame to Mrs. Potter Palmer. She was chosen President of the Woman's Auxiliary Board of Lady Managers, and she threw all her enthusiasm into that task.

She visited Europe, and personally interviewed nearly all the Monarchs of the Old World. Royalty opened their doors to her, and a great deal of the success of that remarkable undertaking, the World's Fair, was due to her.

•••

MINIATURE PORTRAITS

Mark Twain on Disarmament.—Mark Twain has forwarded to the editor of War Against War an article in which he says: "The Czar is in favor of disarmament. So am I. There ought to be no difficulty about the rest of the world."

Young Du Maurier as an Actor.—Gerald Du Maurier, son of the late author and artist, is now playing Touzon, the handsome young *dragon de la garde*, in Beerbohm Tree's production of Trilby.

Taking a Vacation by Proxy.—Governor Stanley, of Kansas, recently received the following note from an office-seeker in the Sunflower State:

> "*Dear Sir:* I understand you said you was going to take a week off to tear up the big pile of letters asking you for jobs. If everything else is gone, I would like the job of tearing up the letters."

Ibsen's First Play.—At the age of sixteen Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian novelist, donned a druggists' apron; but he soon aimed to become a physician, and he prepared himself for the examination at Christiania. In the course of his study he was reading Sallust when the character of Catiline so took his fancy that he wrote a little play introducing him as one of the characters. This was Ibsen's first dramatic effort.

A King's Love of Quiet.—The Emperor of Austria loves solitude more than does any other Sovereign. He once remarked to a friend that "constant companionship is too mind-distracting for a ruler."

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Pansies. An unrivaled strain of large-flowering sorts.
Petunia Grandiflora. This strain comprises the striped, blotched and veined sorts.
Pink. New Dwarf Fringed. Fringed petals, indescribable colors, blooming till late in the Fall.
Sweet Peas. A mixture of dainty beauties.
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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Manila Campaign a Series of Heroic Achievements

A remarkable feature of the first week's operations in the American campaign against the insurgent Filipinos was the comparatively small number of American casualties. Corrected reports indicate the cost of the American victories as sixty-five killed, 257 wounded and two missing.

When it is considered that the ground fought over was studded with bamboo jungle, which afforded the insurgents both a protection and a concealment, the swimming, creeping and dashing of our troops appear to have been heroic in the extreme. All natural advantages favored the insurgents.

What the attack on the American camp cost the insurgents will never be known. A conservative estimate places the number killed in the various actions at 2500, those wounded at a much higher figure, and those captured at 5000. Twenty native villages were captured or forced to surrender, and a very large quantity of rifles and ammunition were secured.

Should the defeated insurgents scatter in the bush and jungle and seek to prolong the struggle by guerilla operations, they will find themselves at a woeful disadvantage, for then General Otis and his Regulars will have an opportunity to apply the tactics which they found effective in subduing hostile Indians,—certainly craftier foes than the Filipino rebels could ever be.

Seeking to Get at the Truth in the Army Beef Controversy

The court-martial that recently tried Commissary-General Eagan for disrespectful language toward General Miles found him guilty and sentenced him to dismissal from the Army. The President approved the findings and sentence, but in view of General Eagan's long service commuted the sentence to suspension from rank and duty for six years.

This proceeding closed the first chapter in the unfortunate controversy over the meat supplies of the Army, and the second one opened immediately afterward, beginning with the declaration in the report of the War Investigating Commission that the charges of General Miles concerning the quality of the Army beef were unfounded.

Between the reiterations of General Miles and the denials of the War Department and various interested persons, the President found it expedient to appoint a special commission to investigate General Miles' charges, consisting of General James F. Wade, General George W. Davis and Colonel George L. Gillespie.

The President's instructions called for findings of fact, an opinion on the merits of the case, and recommendations as to future proceedings that the inquiry might warrant,—instructions broad enough to settle the beef question and others directly connected with the Major-General commanding the Army.

Official Declaration of Germany's Policy Toward the United States

In replying to an interpellation in the German Reichstag on the question of the commercial relations between the United States and Germany, Baron von Bulow, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, delivered one of the most significant political utterances of the day.

The speech reads as if the occasion for it had been prepared. It breathes a frank, friendly and conciliatory tone, and mostly concerns the new attitude of the United States in the far East and the desirability of maintaining a close German-American comity.

On the specific question, Baron von Bulow said that Germany's differences with America were mainly attributable to conflicting interpretations of "the favored nation" treatment, assured by the Treaty of 1828, and declared that there were indications on the part of the United States to remove all causes of complaint.

Concerning the feeling in Germany that Americans were unfriendly, he said:

> "I see no point where German and American interests meet in hostility, nor do I see any point in the future where the lines of their development must necessarily cross each other inimically."

He did not believe that the safety of German citizens was jeopardized under American protection in the Philippines, and he hoped to see an uninterrupted further development of German trade there and in the West Indies under American rule.

Speaking of the attitude of Germany during our war with Spain, he was loudly cheered when he declared: "We were never for a single moment disloyal to honorable neutrality," and also when he said:

> "I believe that between two strong, manly nations, frankness and straightforwardness are the best policy and the best remedy for political ill-humor, more imaginary than real."

He concluded that, with full commercial reciprocity, mutual consideration, mutual respect, justice and fairness, the relations between the two nations would always be tranquil, firm and friendly.

Report of the President's War Investigating Commission

Now that the country has before it the full text of the report of the War Investigating Commission, it is seen that the synopsis of the findings already given in the POST was substantially correct. The report virtually criticises every bureau and department connected with the Government of the Army, and then in a measure commends all the officers excepting the Major-General commanding.

Among the numerous recommendations, those concerning the Medical Department may be regarded as the most important. They include a larger force of commissioned medical officers; a reserve corps of selected trained women nurses; a year's supply for an army of at least four times the actual amount of all medical stores that will not be damaged by keeping; and such a charge of transportation as will insure prompt shipment and delivery of medical supplies.

For the relief of sick and convalescent soldiers it is recommended that surgeons in charge of hospitals, transports and independent commands be given authority to draw from the Subsistence Department funds for the purchase of special articles to take the place of the Army ration, and that traveling convalescents be furnished transportation, sleeping-berths or staterooms, and $1.50 per day for subsistence in lieu of rations.

Getting Ready to Count the American People in 1900

The bill reported by the House Census Committee for the twelfth national census, to be taken next year, shows that the committee have borne in mind some of the severest criticisms of the census work of 1890, particularly such as attacked the scope of the inquiry and the time of publishing the complete report.

The taking of a census is enjoined by the Federal Constitution. That instrument simply calls for an enumeration of the people every ten years for the purpose of determining the basis of their representation in Congress. Hence the inquiry was limited to the one subject of population.

From this simple measure the modern system grew by decennial expansions till it reached its highest point of massiveness in 1890, when so much material was collected, and, despite the throwing aside of a large mass of purely statistical treatises, that more than eight years were required to compile and publish the reports.

The new bill limits inquiries to the topics of population, mortality, manufacturing, mechanical establishments and agriculture, provides that the final reports shall be published complete within two years of the enumeration, and calls for an initial appropriation of $1,000,000.

A Solid Week of Defeats for Aguinaldo's "Army"

The week following the Saturday night attack by Aguinaldo's insurgents on the Nebraska pickets at Santa Mesa was replete with American victories, in which both the Army and the Navy shared, although the decisive actions were all on land.

There was more of downright war in that one week than the Philippine insurgents had experienced in their entire revolution. The fighting was fierce, steady and most effective. Foreign observers testified to the admirable perfection of the American plans and to the precision with which they were executed.

The insurgents had been provided with improved muskets, such as were used by the Spanish Army, and with heavy and costly artillery, and Spanish officers were seen serving the latter. With all this material, the advanced body of the insurgent forces consisted of semi-savages armed with bows and arrows.

Aguinaldo speedily but vainly sought a cessation of hostilities, and the Americans pressed forward, taking town after town, and scattering consternation everywhere. The American Volunteer showed up grandly in these quick movements, and he from "out West" was a hero many times over.

Pennsylvania and Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Utah, Kansas and Tennessee were covered with glory in the first encounter with Aguinaldo's "army."

The President's Call for an American Pacific Cable

President McKinley's message to Congress urging the speedy construction of a Pacific cable system is a call for action on a necessity that has grown out of our war with Spain, and the matter should receive prompt consideration in view of our many interests in the far East.

Dewey made a telegraph line between the Philippines and the United States, that could be controlled by the latter, a national need, and the Government has provided a chain of stopping-places all the way from San Francisco to Manila. Only Congressional action is now necessary to lay the line.

All questions as to by whom the system shall be constructed, owned and managed are left to the decision of Congress. It is not at all likely that the Government itself will ever undertake the construction of such a work, but it should have a first claim on its use.

The Most Important Day for American Victories

In all of our operations since war was declared against Spain, Sunday has proved the most fateful day of the week and the day on which our most important advantages were secured.

On Sunday, May 1, Commodore Dewey destroyed Admiral Montojo's fleet in Manila Bay; on Sunday, July 3, Admirals Sampson and Schley destroyed Admiral Cervera's fleet off Santiago; on Sunday, July 17, General Toral made the formal surrender of the Spanish Army at Santiago; and on Sunday, February 5, the Americans gained their first victory over Aguinaldo's insurgents in the suburbs of Manila.

The next most eventful day was Saturday. On Saturday, August 13, Admiral Dewey, in ignorance of the armistice, captured the city of Manila; on Saturday, February 4, the Filipino insurgents made their first attack on our troops; and on Saturday, February 11, General Miller, with the aid of the Navy, captured Iloilo, the second city of importance in the Philippine Islands.

Preparing to Terminate American Interference in Cuba

It now seems likely that the experiment of placing the Cubans in control of their island will be tried by our Government much sooner than has been expected. If self-government should be found to be practicable, the end of American occupation will be in sight.

At present the police work of the island is being done by Cuban soldiers, and it is the opinion of military and other observers there that all that is needed for the future is a small garrisoning force of American troops to aid the Cuban police in any emergencies pending complete pacification.

A new Cuban debt will in all probability be created with the approval of the United States for the purpose of extinguishing all the outstanding obligations of the Cuban Provisional Government, estimated at a maximum of $20,000,000, the bonds to be guaranteed by the United States Government, which will control the customs receipts till the debt is paid.

While pending plans involve a virtual American protectorate, at least till the new debt is paid, they contemplate an early withdrawal of the bulk of the American Army, a gradual assumption of general public affairs by the Cubans, and the speediest possible termination of American interference.

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NUMBER THREE.—Wherein are continued the Words of Counsel to the Youth of the Day on Questions Relating to their *Welfare* and *Development*, commenced by Benj. Franklin, the Founder of this Paper.

"He that by the Plow would Thrive, Himself must either Hold or Drive."
—Poor Richard's Almanack.

Taking Flyers in the Stock Market

NO ONE can doubt the prevalence of gambling in our modern life. In the eighteenth century gambling was carried to so great a length that men literally betted on everything, and Horace Walpole tells a story of a man who was taken ill in a tavern, whereupon odds were instantly given on the chance of his recovery, and the spectators refused to send for a doctor because it might prejudice the betting.

A form of modern gambling, says W. J. Dawson, in the Making of Manhood, is that which is connected with the Stock Exchange. Let us be quite clear as to what we mean. No one condemns all brokers or their trade. There are many honorable, just and pious men on the Stock Exchange. The Exchange is a necessity; it is the great ganglion in which the nerves of the business world meet, and commerce could not exist without it.

•

To buy stock and pay for it is a perfectly legitimate transaction; to buy large quantities of stock nominally, without money to pay for it, but in the hope that such stock will rise in value, is gambling. You have but to look over your newspaper to see what I mean. This is the sort of thing,—the advertisements which seduce the foolish.

"A gentleman, from September 1 to 16, netted $3000 from a fund of $250 by dealing in and out quickly."

One feels he would like to know that gentleman. We should like to shake hands with him. Such a man ought at least to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Government should keep its eye on him; he might liquidate the national debt for them.

Or listen again. Another syndicate advertises thus: "Very often $50 produces $250 in one day. Syndicates opened daily. A system which enables competitors to speculate in shares of every kind without risk."

It strikes one as a very curious thing that, if these glowing promises can be fulfilled, brokers should take so much pains to get the public to be "competitors." How benevolent they must be! How generous of them to go about the world offering people fortunes at the rate of $250 per day, and $3000 per fortnight, and all without risk, too!

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Do the brokers themselves put their own money into these delightful "systems"? Not they. Their plan is to live out of you, and it is a truly delightful system,—for them, because they are safe whoever gains or loses. If they were honest they would put at the end of their advertisement: "N. B.—If you want to get rich, don't send your money to me; if you want me to get rich, send it."

Any form of gambling unsettles the mind. No youth who once begins to burn with the ardor of the gambler will ever be of much use in the common business of life. He will live in a world of unwholesome excitement, which will gradually destroy all faculty for honest, simple work.

Every employer of labor knows this, and there is not a merchant who would not give the preference in his office to the youth who knew nothing of the turf and the "tape." It applies, of course, still more seriously to pursuits in which any degree of intellectual concentration is needed. It is simply impossible for the man who is agitated by the hopes and fears of the gambler to make any sort of progress in intellectual pursuits.

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Gambling is an abuse of the natural pleasure of possession, and inevitably destroys that pleasure. To get money without work is always a perilous thing. We see this often in the case of the father who founds a fortune and the spendthrift son who scatters it.

To get money by gambling is really to lose all sense of pleasure or value in the possession of money, and it can only be gained by the sacrifice of the best qualities of manhood.

And then, too, gambling is utterly foolish. I have assumed in what I have said that if you gamble you will win. As a matter of fact, you will not win. Who really makes money on a race?

Sir George Chetwynd is a competent racing authority, and he says that the outsider never does. What does the miserable youth devouring the Sporting Times in a dingy city office know about horses? He may know a cab horse when he sees one, and be able to discover by his own unaided judgment that it is not a dray horse, but that is all. He probably could not distinguish a hock from a flank if his life depended on it. The men who make money on horses are men who have studied the subject all their lives, as a professor studies chemistry or a surgeon anatomy, and against their skill and knowledge the outsider has no chance. And it is the same on the Stock Exchange. The only man who makes money is the man behind the scenes, and often enough he comes to grief.

An old broker told a friend of mine that if he wanted really to make money he had better buy bonds at two and three-quarters per cent., and he would guarantee that in twenty years' time he would be better off than if he had speculated through the most honest and competent broker in the city.

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Folly of Giving Unappreciated Advice

GIVING advice to a fool is like pouring water into a sieve, says the Canadian Furniture and Upholstery Journal. You might as well try to get a nail into a rock as sense into the heads of some people.

A lawyer remarked, the other day, that he had a man come to him with a trivial cause against his neighbor. As he was personally acquainted with both parties to the dispute, he advised his client to go home and try to settle the matter amicably. He got roundly abused for his pains, and the irate client went to another law firm and had his case entered. He lost the suit, and carried it then to the Court of Appeals, and from there to the Supreme Court. It ended in his losing, and it cost him so much money that he was bankrupted. The lawyer says the next fool that comes along with a case of this kind he will let him have his own way, and keep his advice to himself.

We have in mind a man who, when advised along a certain line, is almost certain to take an opposite course. Some one has said, "Never give advice; if the object of it be a wise man, he will not need it; if he be a fool, he will not follow it."

Apart from whatever wisdom may be in the saying, there is no doubt that much breath is wasted in the endeavor to keep fools on the right track. At the same time, a man clears his own conscience when he devotes a little effort toward preventing people of the fool class running their heads against stone walls. If there were no philanthropy of this kind, fools would die off, and this world would become a lonesome place.

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Success Won by Determined Men

IN A RECENT book, Orison Swett Marden gives the following instances of the power of determination, backed by hard work, to bring success:

"Do you know," asked Balzac's father, "that in literature a man must be either a King or a beggar?" "Very well," replied his son, "I will be a King." After ten years of struggle with hardship and poverty he won success as an author.

"Why do you repair that magistrate's bench with such great care?" asked a bystander of a carpenter who was taking unusual pains. "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit on it myself," replied the other. He did sit on that bench as a magistrate a few years later.

"There is so much power in faith," says Bulwer, "even when faith is applied but to things human and earthly, that let a man but be firmly persuaded that he is born to do some day what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies."

The author, continuing on the same subject, says:

There is about as much chance of idleness and incapacity winning real success, or a high position in life, as there would be in producing Paradise Lost by shaking up promiscuously the separate words of Webster's Dictionary and letting them fall at random on the floor. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel; upon men who are not afraid of dreary, irksome drudgery, men of nerve and grit who do not turn aside for dirt and detail.

"Circumstances," says Milton, "have rarely favored famous men. They have fought their way to triumph through all sorts of opposing obstacles."

"We have a half-belief," said Emerson, "that the person is possible who can counterpoise all other persons. We believe that there may be a man who is a match for events,—one who never found his match,—against whom other men, being dashed, are broken—one who can give you any odds, and still beat you in the race."

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In appearance it is simply beautiful—soft and rich. Regular "S·H·& M· Bias Velveteen," into which is interwoven an extra-thick, soft, indestructible brush edge.

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It fits because of its natural curve, rounded just like the skirt-curve—just as though it was a part of the skirt.

Here's an economical suggestion: Don't buy a ready-made skirt if it is not bound with it. The quick-wearing-out skirt is bound with rapid-wear-out binding, and the good skirt is bound with this binding. It wouldn't do, would it, to put an everlasting binding on a short-lived skirt, for the skirt would look much the worse for it?

Be sure that "S·H·& M·" is stamped on back. 26 shades. If your dealer hasn't it, drop a postal for sample to S·H·& M· Co., Box 6, Station A, New York.

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Hindu girls are often betrothed during infancy, and are married at the age of twelve.

They have dark skins and regular features, a bright, intelligent expression, and fine, straight black hair. Their usual dress consists of loose gauze trousers, with a short frock of some bright-colored silk or muslin, girdled by a wide sash. Ears, neck, hands and feet are loaded with ornaments, sometimes of great value.

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NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND WAR

A RARE and joyous little book,—worthy of a place on your bookshelf midway between Corporal Trim and Parson Adams, and not very far from Lavengro,—is Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Its author is Finley Peter Dunne, a brilliant journalist, whose native Chicago modesty has kept him from placing his name on the title-page.

It is not often that one has the opportunity of hailing a new humorist,—one who has the gift of laughter as well as the more precious gift of homely pathos. Let it be said at once that by this one book Mr. Dunne has craned himself into a high place. He is not only a humorist, droll, dry, eminently racial, but he is the master of a shrewd and wise philosophy of life.

Mr. Dooley is a type as modern as the electric car that whizzes past his saloon in the "Archey Road," not far from the "police" station. And he is just as real as the rolling-mills across the way. When "Chimmie Fadden" appeared one admired him for the endeavor he made to appear real, when he knew all along he was sheer fantasy. But Mr. Dooley has a different air. You feel so sure of his existence that you would not be surprised to meet him at the turn of the street,—a well-paunched, white-haired old man, with a red, kindly face and droll, scrutinizing eyes. He is a real creation,—a fragment of real life,—like Pipes and Uncle Toby and the immortal Mrs. Gamp.

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In these papers you see the old philosopher wrapped in his huge bar-apron, sitting by the stove and discussing with Mr. Hennessy the affairs of the day. The war was a favorite topic. It was in the early days, when the sons of great men were being appointed to the Army, that he remarked: "We go into this war with th' most fash'nable ar-rmy that ever creased its pants. 'Twill be a daily hint fr'm Paris to th' crool foe." And again he said: "This war, Hinnissy, has been a gr-reat sthrain on me. To think iv th' suff'rin' I've endured! Day be day th' pitiless exthries come out an' beat down on me. Ye hear iv Teddy Rosenfelt plungin' into ambus-cades an' Sierity iv wars, but d'ye hear iv Martin Dooley, th' man behind th' guns, four thousen' miles behind thim, an' willin' to be further?"

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After all, it is when he discusses the affairs of peace,—the current topics of the day,—that Mr. Dooley is most enjoyable. His account of the Dreyfus case is as laughable as Mark Twain's memorable French duel, and has, like all Mr. Dooley's sayings, a basis of hard, Roscommon sense. Perhaps the two papers that give the best idea of Mr. Dooley's abundant wit, quaint conceits and homely wisdom are those on Books, and Criminals.

In the former you have his conversation with Father Kelly. The good man was passing with an armful of books for prizes at the school. Mr. Dooley, who does not believe much in books,—not even in Kipling's Busy Pomes f'r Busy People,—attacks him at once:

> "'What ar-re ye goin' to do with thim young wans? Ye're goin' to make thim believe that, if they behave thimselves an' lead a virchous life they'll marry rich an' go to Congress. They'll wake up some day an' find out that gettin' money an' behavin' ye'rself don't always go together,' I says. 'Some of the wickedest men in the wurruld have married rich,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to teach thim that a la-ad doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wurruld. Life, says ye! There's no life in a book. If ye want to show thim what life is, tell thim to look around thim. There's more life on a Saturdah night in the Ar-rchy Road thin in all th' books fr'm Shakespeare to the rayport of the drainage thrustees.'"

In the paper on Criminals is the best in the book. No synopsis can do it justice. To know just how fine a piece of literature it is you must read it,—read it many times,—read it aloud. It is the story of a bit of a curly haired boy, with a smile on his face like an angel's, who grew into "th' toughest villyun in the r-road." And the old philosopher asks, "What was it at all, at all! Sometimes I think they'se poison in th' life iv a big city. Th' flowers won't grow here no more thin they wud in a tannery, an' th' bur-rds have no song; an' th' childher iv dacint men an' women come up hard in th' mouth an' with their hands raised again' their kind."—(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

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CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S OWN STORY

NOT since the Royal George went down has there been a naval disaster,—in time of peace,—comparable to the loss of the Maine.

During the war with Spain only seventeen men were killed in the United States Navy. On board the Maine 252 were killed outright and eight died later,—nearly fifteen times as many as perished in all the naval battles of the war.

While it is improbable that the war could have been averted, yet unquestionably the destruction of the Maine precipitated it. The guns that swept away the colonial empire of Spain were trained by men who did indeed remember the Maine. If there was ever a situation to try a man in all the higher qualities of courage, self-control and leadership, it was that which confronted Captain Charles D. Sigsbee as he groped his way to the quarter-deck of his shattered and sinking ship. How well he bore himself is part of history,—the epoch-making history of the past year.

In The Maine (The Century Company, New York) he has given a personal narrative of the destruction in Havana Harbor of the ill-fated battle-ship. It is a scrupulous, fair and modest book. Like all Annapolis men, he is at once a sea-soldier and a diplomat. It is not to be expected that he should come out bluntly with "*J'accuse!*" and yet one who reads between the lines of this carefully worded narrative has little difficulty in discovering Captain Sigsbee's real theory of the explosion.

That the Maine was intentionally blown up from without is beyond question. This in spite of the finding of the Spanish Court of Instruction. By whom the mine was laid and fired is another matter. Captain Sigsbee is too well trained a diplomat to accuse either Captain-General Weyler or his successors, but the whole trend of his book is evidence of his belief that the explosion, though it may have been the work of irresponsible fanatics, was not without the connivance of Spanish officials.

This is never distinctly stated, be it understood; but it is the impression which every careful reader will gather. That the agency which produced the explosion will always remain unknown is very unlikely.

It is safe to say that Captain Sigsbee has told the story as fully as it can be told at present. In the appendices he has grouped all the official reports, the President's message, and the "burial and identification list" of the Maine's dead. And to his shipmates, both the living and the dead, he has given full credit.

The Maine is something better than literature,—it is the book of a brave sailor, whose patriotism speaks from every page.

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